THEE FIRST FOV-
RE BOOKES OF VIR-
GIL HIS AENEIS TRANSLA-
ted intoo Englisʃh heroical verſe by Ri-
chard Stanyhurſt, wyth oother
Poëtical diuiſes there-
too annexed.

Imprinted at Leiden in Holland by Iohn Pates.

Anno M. D. LXXXII.

PHOT of HEH 14642

TOO THEE RIGHT HONOVRABLE MY VERIE LOOVING BROOTHER THEE LORD BARON OF DVNSANYE.

WHat deepe and rare poynctes of hydden ſecrets *Virgil* hath ſealde vp in his twelue bookes of *Æneis*, may eaſelye appeere too ſuch reaching wyts, as bend theyre endewours, too thee vnfolding thereof; not onlye by gnibling vpon thee owtward ryne of a ſuppoſed hiſtorie, but alſo by groaping thee pyth, that is ſhrind vp wythin thee barck and bodye of ſo exquiſit and ſingular a diſcourſe. For where as thee chiefe prayſe of a wryter conſiſteth in thee enterlacing of pleaſure wyth profit: oure author hath ſo wiſelye alayed thee one wyth thee oother, as thee ſhallow reader may bee delighted wyth a ſmooth tale, and thee diuing ſearcher may bee aduãtaged by ſowning a pretiouſe treatiſe. And certes this preheminencye of writing is chieflye (yf wee reſpect oure old latin Poëtes) too bee affurded too *Virgil* in this wurck, and too *Ouid* in his *Metamorphoſis*. As for *Ennius*, *Horace*, *Iuuenal*, *Perſius* and thee rablement of ſuch cheate Poëtes, theyre dooinges are, for fauoure of antiquitye, rather to be pacientlye allowed, thean highlye regarded. Such leauinges as wee haue of *Ennius* his ragged verſes are nothing current, but ſauoure ſoomwhat nappy of thee ſpigget, as one that was neauer accuſtomed too ſtrike vp thee drum, and too crye, in blazing martial exploytes, alarme, but when hee were haulfe tipſye, ac *Horace* recordeth. Thee oother three, ouer this that theyre Verſes in camfering wiſe run harſhe and rough, perfourme nothing in matter, but biting quippes, taunting Darcklye certeyn men of ſtate, that liued in theyre age, beeſprinckling theyre *inuectiues* with ſoom moral preceptes, aunſwerable too thee capacitye of eurie weake brayne. But oure *Virgil* not contenᵈ wyth ſuch meigre ſtuffe, dooth laboure, in telling, as yt were a *Cantorburye tale*,

too ferret owt thee ſecretes of *Nature*, with woordes ſo fitlye coucht, wyth verſes ſo ſmoothlye ſlyckte, with ſentences ſo featlye orderd, with orations ſo neatlie burniſht, with ſimilitudes ſo aptly applyed, with eeche *decorum* ſo duely obſerued, as in truth hee hath in right purchaſed too hym ſelf thee name of a ſurpaſſing poët, thee fame of an od oratoure, and thee admiration of a profound philoſopher. Hauing therefore (mi good lord) taken vpon mee too execute ſoom part of mayſter *Aſkam* his wyl, who, in his goulden pamphlet, intituled *thee Schoolemayſter*, dooth wiſh thee Vniuerſitie ſtudents too applie theyre wittes in bewtifying oure Engliſh language with heroical verſes: I heeld no *Latiniſt* ſo fit, too geeue thee onſet on, as *Virgil*, who. for his peereleſſe ſtyle, and machleſſe ſtuffe, dooth beare thee prick and price among al thee Roman Poëts. How beyt I haue heere haulf a gueſh, that two ſortes of carpers wyl ſeeme too ſpurne at this myne entrepriſe. Thee one vtterlie ignorant, thee oother meanelye letterd. Thee ignorát wyl imagin, that thee paſſage was nothing craggye, in as much as M. *Phaere* hath broken thee ice before mee: Thee meaner clarcks wyl ſuppoſe, my trauail in theeſe heroical verſes too carrye no great difficultie, in that yt lay in my choiſe, too make what word I would ſhort or long, hauing no Engliſh writer beefore mee in this kind of poëtrye with whoſe ſquire I ſhould leauel my ſyllables. Too ſhape therefor an anſwer too thee firſt, I ſay, they are altogeather in a wrōg box: cōſidering that ſuch woordes, as fit M *Phaer*, may bee very vnapt for mee, which they would confeſſe, yf theyre ſkil were, ſo much as ſpare, in theeſe verſes. Further more I ſtand ſo nicelie on my pantofles that way, as yf I could, yeet I would not renne on thee ſkore with M. *Phaer*, or ennie oother, by borrowing his termes in ſo copious and fluent a language, as oure Engliſh tongue is. And in good ſooth althogh thee gentleman hath tranſlated *Virgil* in too Engliſh rythme with ſuch ſurpaſsing excellencie, as a verie few (in my conceit) for pyekt and loftie woordes can burd hym, none, I am wel aſſured, ouergoe hym: yeet hee hath rather dubled, then defalckt oght of my paines, by reaſon that in cōferring his tranſlation with myne, I was forced, too weede owt from my verſes ſuch choiſe woordes, as were foreſtald by him: vnleſſe they were ſo feeling, as oothers could not countreuaile theyre ſignification: In which caſe yt were no reaſon, too ſequeſter mypen from theyre acquaintance, conſidering,

ſidering, that as M. *Phaer* was not thee firſt founrder, ſo hee may not bee accoũpted thee only owner of ſuch termes. Truely I am ſo far from embeazling his trauailes, as that for thee honoure of thee Engliſh, I durſt vndertake, too renne ouer theeſe bookes agayne, and too geeue theym a new liuerie in ſuch different wiſe, as they ſhould not iet with M. *Phaer* his badges, ne yeet bee clad with this apparraile, wherewith at this preſent they coõ furth atyred. Which I ſpeake not of vanitie, too enhaunce my coonning, but of meere veritie, too aduaunce thee riches of oure ſpeeche. More ouer in ſoõ poinctes of greateſt price, where thee matter, as yt were, doth bleede, I was mooued too ſhun M. *Phaer* his enterpretation, and clinge more neere too thee meaning of myne authoure, in ſliſing thee huſk and cracking thee ſhel, too beſtow thee kernel vpon thee wyttye and enquiſitiue reader. I could lay downe heere ſundrye examples, were yt not I ſhould bee thoght ouer curious, by prying owt a pimple in a bent: but a few ſhal ſuffice. In thee fourth booke, *Virgil* deciphering thee force of *Mercurye* among oother properties wryteth thus.

Dat ſomnos adimitque, & lumina morte reſignat.

M. *Phaer* dooth Engliſh yt in this wiſe.

And ſleepes therewyth he geeues and takes, and men from death defendes.

Myne enterpretation is this:

Hee cauſeth ſleeping and bars, by death eyelyd vphaſping.

This is cleene contrarie too M. *Phaer*. Hee wryteth, that *Mercurye* defendeth from *death*, I wryte that yt procureth *death*, which (vnder his correction) dooth more annere too the author his mynd, and too *natures* woorcking. For yf *Mercurye* dyd not ſlea beefore yt dyd ſalue, and procurd ſleeping eare yt cauſed waking. *Nature* in her operations would bee founderd, thee fat were in thee fire, thee marcket were mard. Too lyke effect *Chauncer* bringeth, in thee ſift booke, *Troilus* thus mourning.

Thee owle eeke, which that hight Aſcaphylo,
Hath after mee ſhright al theeſe nightes two:
And God Mercurye, now of mee woful wreche
Thee ſoule gyde, and when thee liſt, yt feche.

Againe *Virgil* in diuerſe places inueſteth *Juno* with this epitheton,

Saturnia, M. *Phaer* ouerpaſſeth yt, as yf yt were an idle woord ſhuffled in by thee authoure too dam vp thee chappes of yawning verſes. I neauer, too my remembraunce, omitted yt, as in deede a terme that carieth meate in his mouth, and ſo emphatical, as thee ouerſlipping of yt were in effect thee chocking of thee poet his diſcourſe, in ſuche hauking wiſe, ac yf hee were throtled with the chincoughe. And too inculcat that clauſe thee better, where thee marriadge is made in thee fourth booke beetweene *Dido* and *Æneas*, I ad in my verſe, *Watrye Iuno*, Althogh mijne authour vſd not thee epitheton, *Watrye*, but only made mention of *earth*, *ayer*, and *fyere*: yeet I am wel aſſured, that woord throughly conceaued of an heedeful ſtudent may geeue hym ſuch light, as may eaſe hym of ſix moonethes trauaile: which were wel ſpent, yf that *Wedlock* were wel vnderſtood. Thus *Virgil* in his *Æneis*, and *Ouid* in his *Metamorphoſis* are ſo tickle in ſoom places, as they rather craue a conſtruction than a trãſlation. But yt may bee heere after (yf God wil grace my proceedings) I ſhal bee occaſioned, in my *Fin Couleidos*, too vnlace more, of theeſe myſteries. Which booke I muſt bee manye yeeres breedinge: but yf yt bee throughly effected, I ſtand in hoape, yt wyl fal owt too bee *gratum opus*, not *Agricolis*, but *Philoſophis*.

Now too coom too theym, that gueſh my trauaile too be eaſye, by reaſon of thee libertye I had in Engliſh woordes (for as I can not deuine vpon ſuch bookes, that happlye rouke in ſtudentes mewes, ſo I truſt, I offer no man iniurie, yf I aſſume too my ſelfe thee maydenhed of al wurcks, that hath beene beefore this tyme, in print, too my knowlegde, diuulged in this kind of verſe) I wil not greatly wrangle with theym therein: yeet this much they are too conſider, that as thee firſt applinyg of a woord may eaſe mee in thee firſt place, ſo perhaps, when I am occaſioned too vſe thee ſelfe ſame woord els where, I may bee as much hyndered, as at thee beginning I was furthred. For example. In thee firſt verſe of *Virgil*, I mak, *ſeaſon*, long in an oother place yt woul ſteede mee percaſe more, yf I made yt ſhort: and yeet I am now tyed too vſe yt as long. So that the aduantage that way is not verie great. But as for thee general facilitiee, this much I dare warrant yoong beginners, that when they ſhal haue ſoom firme footing in this kind of Poetrie, which by a litle payneful exerciſe may bee purchaſt, they ſhal find as eaſye a veyne

in

in thee Engliſh, as in thee Latin verſes, yee and much more eaſye than in the *Engliſh rythmes*. Touching myne owne trial, this much I wil diſcoouer. Thee three firſt bokes I trãſlated by ſtartes, as my leaſure and pleaſure would ſerue mee. In thee fourth booke I did taſk my ſelf, and perſued thee matter ſoomwhat hoatlie. M. *Phaer* tooke too thee making of that booke fifteene dayes. I hudled vp myne in ten. Wherein I coouet no prayſe, but rather doe craue pardon. Fore lyke as forelittring biches whelp blynd puppies, ſo I may bee perhaps entwighted of more haſte then good ſpeede, as *Syr Thomas More* in lyke caſe gybeth at one that made vaunt of certeyn pild verſes clowted vp *extrumpere*.

Hos quid te ſcripſiſſe mones ex tempore verſus?
Nam liber hoc loquitur, te reticente, tuus.

But too leaue that too thee veredict of oothers (wherein I craue thee good lyking of thee curteouſe, and ſkorne thee controlment of thee curriſh, as thoſe that vſuallie reprehend moſte, and yeet can amend leaſte) thee ods beetweene *verſes* and *rythme* is verye great. For in thee one euerye *foote*, euerye *word*, euerye *ſyllable*, yea euery *letter* is too bee obſerued: in thee oother thee laſt *woord* is onlye too bee heeded: As is very liuelye expreſt by thee *lawyer* in empaneling a iurye.

Iohannes Doa:	*Iohannes Den:*	*Iohannes Hye:*
Richardus Roa:	*Willielmus Fen:*	*Thomas Pye:*
Iohannes Myles:	*Willielmus Neile:*	*Richardus Leake:*
Thomas Giles:	*Iohannes Sneile:*	*Iohannes Peake.*

M. Kytchin. in Countee-te pag. 51. A.

Happlye ſuch curious *makers*, as youre lordſhip is, wyl accompt this but *rythme dogrel*: but wee may ſuite yt wyth a more ciuil woord, by terming yt, *rythme peale meale*, yt rowles ſo roundlye in thee hyrer his eares. And are there not diuerſe ſkauingers of draftye poëtrye in this oure age, that baſt theyre papers wyth ſmearie larde ſauoring al too geather of thee frynig pan? What *Tom Towly* is ſo ſimple, that wyl not attempt, too bee a *rithmoure*? Yf your Lordſhip ſtand in doubt thereof, what thinck you of thee *thick ſkyn*, that made this for a *fare wel* for his *myſtreſſe* vpon his departure from *Abingtowne*?

Abingtowne, Abingtowne God bee wyth thee:
For thou haſte a ſteeple lyke a dagger ſheathe.

And

And an oother in thee prayſe not of a ſteeple, but of a dagger.

When al is goane but thee black ſcabbard,
Wel faer thee haſt wyth thee duggeon dagger.

Thee therd (for I wyl preſent your lordſhip wyth a leſhe) in thee commendacion of bacon.

Hee is not a king, that weareth ſatten,
But hee is a king, that eateth bacon.

Haue not theeſe men made a fayre ſpeake? If they had put in *Mighty Ioue*, and *Gods* in thee plural number, and *Venus* wyth *Cupide thee blynd Boy*, al had beene in thee nick, thee rythme had beene of a right ſtamp. For a few ſuch ſtiches boch vp oure newe faſhion makers. Prouyded not wythſtanding alwayes that *Artaxerxes*, al be yt hee bee ſpurgalde, beeing ſo much gallopt, bee placed in thee dedicatorye epiſtle receauing a cuppe of water of a ſwayne, or elles al is not wurth a beane. Good God what a frye of ſuch *wooden rythmours* dooth ſwarme in ſtacioners ſhops, who neauer enſtructed in any grammar ſchoole, not atayning too thee parinｇes of thee Latin or Greeke tõgue, yeet lyke blynd bayards ruſh on forward, foſtring theyre vayne conceites wyth ſuch ouerweening filly follyes, as they reck not too bee condemned of thee learned for ignorant, ſo they bee commended of thee ignorãt for learned. Thee reddyeſt way therefore too flap theeſe droanes from thee ſweete ſenting hiues of *Poëtrye*, is for thee learned too applye theym ſelues wholye (yf they be delighted wyth that veyne) too thee true making of verſes in ſuch wiſe as thee *Greekes* and *Latins*, thee fathers of knowledge, haue doone; and too leaue too theeſe doltiſh coyſtrels theyre rude rythming and balducktoom ballads. Too thee ſturring therefor of thee riper, and thee encouraging of thee yonger gentlemen of oure *Vniuerſityes* I haue taken ſoõ paynes that way, which I thoght good too beetake too youre lordſhip his patronage, beeing of yt ſelf oother wiſe ſo tender, as happly yt might ſcant endure thee typpe of a frumping phillippe. And thus omitting al oother *ceremonial complemẽtoes* beetweene youre lordſhip and mee, I cõmit you and youre proceedinges too thee garding and guiding of thee almightie. From *Leiden* in *Holland* thee laſt of Iune. 1582.

Youre Lordſhip his loouing broother
Richard Stanyhurſt.

TOO THEE LEARNED READER.

IN thee obſeruatiō of quātitees of ſyllables, ſoom happlye wyl bee ſo ſtieflie tyed too thee ordinaunces of thee Latins, as what ſhal ſeeme too ſwarue from theyre maximes, they wyl not ſtick too ſkore vp for errours. In which reſolution ſuch curious *Priſcianiſtes* dooe attribute greater prerogatiue too thee Latin tōgue, than reaſon wyl affurd, and leſſe libertye too oure language, than nature may permit. For in as much as thee Latīs haue not beene authors of theeſe verſes, but traced in thee ſteps of thee Greekes, why ſhould we with thee ſtringes of thee Latin rules cramp oure tongue, more than the Latins doe fetter theyre ſpeeche, as yt were, wyth thee chaynes of thee greeke preceptes. Alſo that nature wyl not permit vs too faſhion oure wordes in al poinctes correſpondent too thee Latiniſtes may eaſely appeere in ſuche termes as we borrow of theym. For exemple: Thee firſt of, *Breuiter*, is ſhort, thee firſt of, *briefly*, wyth vs muſt bee lōg. Lykewiſe, *ſonans*, is ſhort, yeet, *ſowning*, in Engliſh muſt bee long: and much more yf yt were, *Sounding*, as thee ignorant generaly, but falſlye dooe wryte; nay, that where at I woonder more, thee learned trip theyre pēnes at this ſtoane, in ſo much as M. *Phaer* in thee verye firſt verſe of Virgil miſtaketh thee woorde, Yeet *ſound* and *ſowne* differ as much in Engliſh, as *ſolidus* and *ſonus* in Latin. Alſo in thee mideſt of a woord wee differ ſoōtymes frō thee Romās. As in Latin wee pronoūce, *Orâtor*, *Auditor*, *Magiſter* lōg: in Engliſh, *Orătoure*, *Auditoure*, *Magiſtrat*, ſhort. Lykewiſe wee pronounce, *Prapăro*, *Cōpăro*, ſhort in Latin, and, *prepâred* and *compâred* lōg in Engliſh. Agayne thee infallibeliſt rule that thee Latins haue for thee quātitye of middle ſyllables is this. *Penultima acuta producitur, vt virtûtis; penultima grauata corripitur, vt ſanguĭnis. Honoure* in Engliſh, is ſhort, as with thee Latins: yeet *diſhonour* muſt bee lōg by thee formoure maxime: which is contrary too an oother groūd of thee Latins, whereby they preſcribe, that thee *primatiue* and *deriuatiue* thee *ſimple* and *compound* bee of one quantitye. But that rule of al oothers muſt be abādoned frō thee Engliſh, oother wiſe al woordes in effect ſhould bee abriged. *Moother*, I make lōg. Yeet *graūdmother* muſt bee ſhort. *Buckler*, is lōg; yeet *ſwaſhbuckler* is ſhort. And albeyt that woord bee lōg by *poſitiō*, yeet doubtleſſe thee natural dialect of Engliſh wyl not allow of that rule in middle ſyllables, but yt muſt bee of force with vs excepted, where thee natural pronuntiation wyl ſo haue yt. For ootherwiſe wee ſhould banniſh a number of

good and neceſſarye wordes from oure verſes; as *M. Gabriel Haruye* (yf I myſtake not thee gentleman his name) hath verye wel obſerued in one of his familiar letters: where hee layeth downe diuerſe woordes ſtraying frō thee Latin preceptes, as *Maieſtye, Royaltye, Honeſtie, &c.* And ſoothly, too my ſeeming, yf thee coniunction, *And*, were made common in Engliſh, yt were not amiſſe, althogh yt bee long by *poſition*: For thee Romans are greatly aduantaged by theyre woordes, *Et, Que, Quoque, Atque*: which were they diſioincted from thee Latin poëtrie, many good verſes would bee rauelde and diſmembred, that now cary a good grace among theym, hauing theyre ioynctes knit with theeſe copulatiue ſinnewes. But too rip vp further thee peculiar propretye of oure Engliſh, let vs liſten too *Tullye* his iudgemēt, wherein thogh hee ſeeme verie peremptorie, yeet, with his fauoure, hee miſheth thee cuſhē. Thus in his booke, intituled *Orator*, hee writeth. *Ipſa natura, quaſi modularetur hominum orationē, in omni verbo poſuit acutam vocem, nec vna plus, nec a poſtrema ſyllaba citra tertiam.* In this ſaying Tullye obſerueth three poinctes. Firſt, that by courſe of *Nature* euerye woord hath an *accēt*. Next, one only: laſtlye, that thee ſayd *accēt* muſt be on thee laſt ſyllable, as *propè*, or on thee laſt ſaluing one, as *Virtûtis*, or at thee furtheſt on thee therd ſyllable, as *Omnipotēs*. Yeet this rule taketh no ſueh infallible effect with vs, althogh *Tully* maketh yt natural, who by thee ſkyl of thee Greek and Latin dyd ayme at oother languages too hym vnknowen, and therefor is too bee borne wythal. As, *Peremtorie*, is a woord of foure ſyllables, and yeet thee *accent* is in thee firſt. So *Sêcundarie, ôrdinarie, Mâtrimonie, Pâtrimonie, Plânetarie, împeratiue, Côſmographie, ôrtography*, wyth manye lyke. For althogh thee ignorant pronounce, *Ĵmpêratiue, Coſmôgraphie, Ortôgraghy*, geeuing thee *accent* too thee therd ſyllable, yeet that is not thee true Engliſh pronuntiation. Now put caſe thee cantel of thee Latin verſe *(Sapiens dominabitur aſtris)* were thus Engliſhed: *Planetary woorckinges thee wiſmans vertue repreſſeth*: albeyt thee middle of *planeta* bee long with thee Romans, yeet I would not make yt ſcrupulus, too ſhorten yt in Engliſh, by reaſon thee natural pronoūtiatiō would haue yt ſo. For thee final eende of a verſe is to pleaſe thee eare, which muſt needes bee thee vmpyre of thee woord, and accordīg too that weight oure ſyllables muſt bee poyſed. Wherefor ſyth thee *poëtes* theymſelues aduouch, *Tu nihil inuita facies, diceſue Minerua.*

That

Thar nothing may bee doone or ſpoakē agaynſt nature, and that *Art* is alſo bound too ſhape yt ſelf by al imitation too *Nature*: wee muſt requeſt theeſe *grammatical Preciſians*, that as euery countrye hath his peculiar law, ſo they permit euerye language too vſe his particular loare. For my part I purpoſe not too beat on euerye childiſh tittle, that concerneth *Proſodia*, neither dooe I vndertake too chalck owt any lines or rules too oothers, but too lay downe too thee reader his view thee courſe I tooke in this my trauaile. Such woordes as proceede frō thee Latin, and bee not altred by oure Engliſh, in theym I obſerue thee quantitie of thee Latin. As *Honeſt*, *Honor:* a few I excepted, as thee firſt of *apeered*, *auenture*, *aproched* I make ſhort, althogh they are long in Latin: as *Appareo*, *Aduenio*, *Appropinquo*: for which and percaſe a few ſuch woordes I muſt craue pardon of thee curteous reader. For ootherwiſe yt were lykeynough that ſoom *grammatical pullet*, hacht in *Diſpater* his ſachel, would ſtand clocking aganyſt mee, as thogh hee had foūd an horſe neſt, in laynig that downe for a falt, that perhaps I dooe knowe better then hee. Yeet in theeſe *diriuations* of termes I would not bee doomde by euerye reaching herrault, that in roaming wiſe wyl attempt too fetche thee petit degree of woordes, I know not from what auncetoure. As I make thee firſt of *Riuer* ſhort. A Wrangler may imagin yt ſhould bee long, by reaſon of *Riuus*, of which yt ſeemeth too bee deriued. And yeet forſooth *riuus* is but a *brooke*, and not a *riuer*. Lykewiſe ſoom Engliſh woordes may bee read in ſoom places long, in ſoom ſhort, as *ſkye ward*, *ſea ward*, *ſea rowme*. Thee difference thereof groweth beecauſe they are but compound woordes that may bee with good ſenſe ſunderd: and thee laſt of *Sea*, and *ſkye* beenig common breedeth that diuerſitie. Alſo thee ſelf ſame woord may varye beecauſe of thee ſignification. Thee firſt of *Felon* for a *theefe* I make long, but when yt ſignifieth thee diſeaſe, ſo named, I hold yt better too make yt ſhort. Agayne a woord that is ſhort beeing deuided, may bee long in an oother place contracted. As thee firſt of, *Leaues*, yf you deuide yt in two ſyllables, I make ſhort, yf you cōtract yt too one ſyllabe I make yt long. So thee firſt in *Craning* is long, and thee therd perſon of thee verb, too wyt, *Craues*, may ſeeme ſhort, where the next woord following beginneth with a vocal, yet yt is long by contraction: and ſo diuerſe lyke woordes are too bee takē. And truely ſuch nice obſeruations that *Grammarians* dooe preſcribe are not by

thee choyſeſt poëtes alvvayes ſo preciſelye put in executiõ:as in this oure authour I haue by thee vvaymarckt.In thee fore front of thee firſt booke hee maketh thee firſt of *Lauinum* long.In thee ſame booke hee vſeth yt for ſhort. Likevviſe dooth he varie thee firſt of *Sichæus*. So in thee therd booke thee mideſt of *Cyclopes* ſoomtyme is made long, ſoomtyme ſhort.And in the ſame booke thee coniunction, *Que*, is long.As

Liminaq́;, lauruſque Dei totuſq́, moueri. And in thee fourth:

Cretéſque Driopeſque ferunt, pictique Agathyrſi:

Alſo thee firſt of *Italia* is lõg:yeet in thee therd book *Italus* is ſhort: as:

Has autem terras, Italique hanc littoris oram.

Touching the *termination* of ſyllables, I made a *proſodia* too my ſelfe ſquaring ſoomvvhat from thee Latin:in this vviſe.

A finita communia.B. D. T. Breuia:yeet theeſe vvoordes that eende lyke dipthõges are common:as *mouth, ſouth, &c.* C common. E common: yf yt bee ſhort,I vvryte yt vſualy vvith a ſingle E.as *the, me* yf lõg vvith tvvo,as *thee mee*.althogh I vvould not vviſh thee quantitie of ſyllables too depend ſo much vpon thee gaze of thee eye, as thee cenſure of thee eare.F.breuia.G.breuia:ſoomtyme long by *poſitiõ* vvhere D may bee enterſerted,as *paſſage* is ſhort,but yf you make yt long, *paſſadge* vvith, D. vvould bee vvritten, albeyt, as I ſayd right novv, thee eare not ortographie muſt decyde thee quantitye,as neere as is poſſible.I.cõmon.K.commõ.L.breuia,prẹter Hebrẹa,vt *Michaël, Gabriel*. N.Breuia,yeet vvoordes eending in dipthõgvviſe vvould bee cõmon,as *playne, fayne, ſwayne*. O.cõmon,præter ô longũ.P.Breu.R.Breu.except vvoordes eending lyke dipthonges that may bee cõmon,as *youre, oure, houre, ſoure, ſuccour, &c.* As & Es cõmon. Is breu.Os cõmon. Vs breu. V common.As for M. yt is either long by *poſition*, or els clipt,yf thee next vvoord begyn vvith a vocal:as *fame, name*:for albeyt.E.bee thee laſt letter,that muſt not ſalue.M. from accurtation,beecauſe in thee eare M is thee laſt letter, and E dooth noght els but lenghẽ and mollifye thee pronountiatiõ. As for.I.Y.VV. in as much'as they are moungrels,ſoomtyme conſonãtes, ſoomtyme vocals,vvhere they further I dooe not reiect theym, vvhere they hinder, I doe not greatlye vveigh theym.As thee middle of *folowing* I make ſhort, notvvythſtanding thee VV:and lykvviſe thee firſt of *power*.But vvhere a cõſonãt immediatly follovveth thee VV, I make yt alvvayes lõg as *fowling*.This much I thoght good too acquaynt thee gentle reader vvythal, rather too diſcoouer, vvyth vvhat priuat preceptes I haue embayed my verſes,theu too publiſh a *directorye* too thee learned vvho in theyre trauayls may franckly vſe theyre ovvne diſcretiõ,vvythovvt my direction.

THE

THE FIRST BOOKE OF VIRGIL HIS ÆNEIS.

I That in old ſeaſon wyth reeds oten harmonye whiſtled
My rural ſonnet; from forreſt flitted (I) forced
Thee ſulckīg ſwincker thee ſoyle, thoghe craggie, to ſunder.
A labor and a trauaile too plowſwayns hertelye welcoō.
Now māhod and garbroyls & chaunt, and martial horror.
I blaze thee captayne firſt from Troy cittye repairing,
Lyke wandring pilgrim too famoſed Italie trudging,
And coaſt of Lauyn: ſouſt wyth tempeſtuus hurlwynd,
On land and ſayling, bi Gods predeſtinat order:
But chiefe through Iunoes long foſtred deadlye reuengment.
Martyred in battayls, ere towne could ſtatelye be buylded,
Or Gods theare ſetled: thence flitted thee Latin offspring,
Thee roote of old Alban: thence was Rome peereles inhaunced.
My muſe ſhew the reaſon, what grudge or what furye kendled
Of Gods thee Princeſſe, through ſo curſd miſcheuus hatred,
Wyth ſharp ſundrye perils too tugge ſo famus a captayne.
Such feſtred rancoure doo Saynēts celeſtial harbour?
A long buylt citty theare ſtood, Carthago ſo named,
From the mouth of Tybris, from land eke of Italye ſeauerd,
Poſſeſt wyth Tyrians, in ſtreingh and ritches abounding,
Theare Iuno, thee Princes her Empyre wholye repoſed,
Her Samos owtcaſting, heere ſhee dyd her armonye ſettle,
And warlick chariots, heere chiefly her ioylitye raigned.
This towne ſhee labored too make thee gorgeus empreſſe,
Of towns and regions, her drift yf deſtenye furthred.
But this her hole meaning a ſouthſayd myſterie letted
That from thee Troians ſhould branch a lineal offspring,
Which would thee Tyrian turrets quite batter a ſunder,
And Libye land lykewiſe wyth warlick victorye conqnoure.

Thus loa bye continuance thee naues of fortun ar altred.
This Iuno fearing, and old broyls bluddye recounting,
Vsd by her Greeke fauorits, that Troian cittye repreſſed,
Her rancour canckred ſhee can not let to remember,
And Paris his ſcorning indgement dooth burne in her entrayls.
Shee pouts, that Ganymed by Ioue too ſkitop is hoyſed.
Shee bears that kinred, that ſept vnmerciful hatred.
Wyth theeſe coals kendled ſhee ſoght al poſſibil engins
In ſurging billows too touze thee coompanie Troian.
Al the fruſhe and leauings of Greeks, of wrathful Achilles.
Through this wyde roaming thee Troians Italy miſhing
Ful manye yeers wandred, ſtil croſt with deſtenye backward.
Such trauail in planting thee Romans auncetrye claymed.
Tward Sicil Iſle ſcantly thee Troian nauye dyd enter,
And the ſea ſalte foaming wyth braue flantadoe dyd harrow,
When that Iuno Godeſſe thee fuid moſt deadlye reuoluing
Thus to her ſelf mumbled: ſhal I leaue my purpoſe vnaunſwerd?
Or ſhal I this Troian too ſeize thus on Italye ſuffer?
Forſoth I ſtand letted by fats: and clarcklye recounted.
As thogh that Pallas could not bee fullye reuenged,
Thee Greekfleete ſcorching, thee Greekiſh coompanye drowning:
And for on his faulty practiſe, for madnes of Aiax?
This Queene wyld lightninges from clowds of Iuppiter hurling
Downe ſwaſht theyre nauy, thee ſwelling ſurges vphaling.
Thee pacient panting ſhee thumpt and launſt wyth a fyrebolt,
And wythal his carcaſſe on rockiſh pinnacle hamped.
And ſhal I then Iuno, of Saincts al thee Princes abyding,
Both the wife and ſiſter too peereleſſe Iuppiter holden,
In ſo great a ſeaſon wyth one od pild countrey be warring?
If this geare cotten, what wight wyl yeelde to myn aulters
Bright honor and Sacrifice, wyth rits my perſon adoring?
Thus ſhe frying fretted, thus deepely plunged in anger
Æolian kingdoom ſhee raught; where bluſterus huzzing
Of wynds in Priſon thee great king Æolus hampreth.
Theeſe flaws theyre cabbans wyth ſtur ſnar iarrye doe ranſack,
Greedelye deſyring too rang: king Æolus, highly
In caſtel ſetled, theyre ſtrief dooth pacifie wiſely.

But for this managing, a great hurly burlye the wyndblasts
Would keepe on al mayneseas and lands wyth woonderus humbling.
Thee father almighty this mischiefe warelye doubting
Mewd vp theese reuelers coupt in strong dungeon hillish,
And a king he placed, throgh whose Maiestical Empyre
Theese blasts rouze forward, or back by his regal apointment.
Too this princelye regent her suit ladie Iuno thus opned.
Æolus (in so much as of mankind the Emperor heaunlye
And father of thee Gods too thee the auctoritye signed
Too swage seas surging, or raise by blusterus hùffling)
Thee water of Tyrrhen my foes wyth nauye doe trauerse:
Troy towne wyth tamd gods too land ek of Italy bringing.
Yeeld to the wynds passadge, duck downe theire fleete wyth a tẽpest,
Or ships wyde scatter, wyth fluds that coompanye swallow.
Nymphs do I keepe fourteene for peereleſſe bewtye renowmed,
Of theese thee paragon, for fayreneſſe, Deiopeia
Too the in fast wedlock wyl I knit, thye wife onlye remayning;
Thy pheere most faythful through eendles seaſon abyding,
Thee father of fayre brats, for this thy curteſye, making.
This labor is needeleſſe (deere Queene) king Æolus aunsward.
Thy mynd to accompliſh my bounden duitye requireth.
For my mace and kingdoom through thy fast freendship I gayned.
Through thy freendlye trauaile mee dooth king Iuppiter algats
Tender: by thye labour wyth Gods at bancket & solace.
Thow madst me in tempest and blusturs loftelye ruling.
This sayd: wyth poynted flatchet thee mountan he broached
Rush do the winds forward through perst chinck narrolye whizling;
Thee land turmoyling with blast and terribil huzing.
They skud too the seaward, from deepe profunditie raking
Too the skye thee surges, the east west contrarie doe struggle
And southwind ruffling: on coast thee chaunft flud is hurled.
Crash do the rent tacklings; thee men raise an horribil owtcrye.
Thee clowds snach gloomming from sight of Coompanie Troian
Both Light and welken: thee night dooth shaddo the passadge.
Thee skyes doo thunder, thee lightnings riflye doe flush flash,
Noght breeds theym coomfort, eeche thing mortalitye threatneth.
Æneas (his lyms wyth sharp cold chillye benummed)

Dooth

Dooth groane, then to ſkyward his claſpt hands heauelye lifting,
Thus ſpake: O Troians, ô thriſe moſt nobil or happy e
That before eune the parents wyth byckring martial ended
Your liues at townewals: of Greekes ô woorthye the ſtrongeſt
Stout Diomed: byethe ſilds of Troy what fortun vnhappye
Mee fenſt from falling wyth thy fierce ſlaughterus handſtroke.
Wheare lyes ſtrong Hector ſlaughtred by manful Achilles.
Wheare ſtout Serpedon dooth reſt, where gauntlet or helmet
In water of Simois, wyth ſouldours carcaſes harboure.
This kyrye ſad ſolſing, thee northen bluſter aproching
Thee ſayls tears tag rag, to the ſky thee waues vphoyſing.
The oars are cleene ſplintred, the helme is from ruther vnhafted
Theire ſhips too larboord doo nod, ſeas monſterus haunt theym.
In typs of billows ſoom ſhips wyth danger ar hanging.
Soom ſynck too bottoms, ſulcking thee ſurges aſunder:
Thee ſands are mounted: thee ſouthwynd merciles eager
Three gallant veſſels on rocks gnawne cragge ye repoſed,
(Theeſe rancks the Italian dwellers doo nominat altars)
Lykewiſe three veſſels the eaſt blaſt ful mightelye whelmed
In ſands quick ſouping (a ſight to be deepelye bewayled)
One ſhip that Lycius dyd ſhrowd with faythful Orontes
In ſight of captayne was ſwaſht wyth a royſterus heapeflud.
Downe the pilot tumbleth wyth plaſh round ſoommoned headlong.
Thriſe the grauel thumping in whirkpoole plunged is hooueld
Soom wights vpfloating on raiſd ſea wyth armor apeered.
In foame froth pictturs, wyth Troian treaſur, ar vpborne.
Alſo wher Ilionus was ſhipt, where manful Achates
And what veſſel Abas poſſeſt and aged Alethes
Were bulcht by billows and boarde by forcibil entrye:
Thee ſtorme dyd conquoure, thee ſhips ſcant weaklye reſiſted.
Theeſe vnrulye reuels, and rifrafs wholye diſordred,
As broyl vnexſpected, thee ſea king Neptun awaked.
Sturd wyth theeſe motions, his pleaſing pallet vpheauing
Hee noted Æneas his touzd toſt nauye to wander,
And ſees thee Troians wyth ſeas and rayne water heaped,
This ſpightful pageaunt of his owne ſyb Iuno remembring,
Thee wynds hee ſummond: and wroth woords ſtatelye thus vſed.

What

What ſyrs? your boldneſſe dooth your gentilitie warrant?
Dare ye loa, curſt baretours, in this my Segnorie regal,
Too raiſe ſuch raks iaks on ſeas, and danger vnorderd?
Wel ſyrs: but tempeſt I wyl firſt pacifie raging.
Bee ſure, this practiſe wil I nick in a freendlye memento.
Pack hence doggye rakhels, tel your king, from me, this errand.
Of ſeas thee managing was neauer alotted his empire.
That charge mee toucheth: but he mayſtreth monſterus hildens,
Youre kennels, good ſyrs: let your king Æolus hautye
Execut his ruling in your deepe dungeon hardlye.
Thus ſayd, at a twinckling thee ſwelling ſurges he calmed
Thee clowds hee ſcatterd, and cleere beams ſunnye recalled.
Cymothöe and Triton on ſteepe rock ſetled ar haling
Thee ſhips from danger: with forck king Neptun is ayding.
Hee balcks thee quick ſands, and fluds dooth mollefye ſweetly,
Hee glyds on the ſeafroth, with wheales of gould wagon, eaſye.
In mydſt of the pepil much lyke to a mutenye rayſed
Where barcks lyke bandogs thee raſkal multitud angry,
Now ſtoans and fyrebrands flundge owt, furye weapon awardeth:
In this blooddye riot they ſoom grauet haplye beholding
Of geaſon pietee, doo throng and greedelye liſten.
Hee tames with ſugred ſpeeches theyre boyſterus anger.
In lykewiſe Neptun thee God, no ſooner apeered
In coche: when billows theire ſwelling ranckor abated.
Thee weather hackt Troians to the next ſhoare ſpeedely poſting
On Libye coaſt lighted: where they theire nauye repoſed.
Theare ſtands far ſtretching a nouke vplandiſh: an Iſland
Theare ſeat, with crabknob ſkrude ſtoans hath framed an hauen.
This creeke with running paſſadge thee channel inhaunteth.
Heere doe lye wyde ſcatterd and theare clines loftelye ſteaming,
And a brace of menacing ragd rocks ſkymounted abydeth.
Vnder hauing cabbans, where ſeas doo flitter in arches.
With woods and thickets cloſe coucht they be clothed al vpward.
A cel or a cabban by nature formed, is vnder,
Freſhe bubling fountayns and ſtoanſeats carued ar inward:
Of Nymphes thee Nunry, wheere ſea toſt nauye remayning
Needs not too grapple thee ſands with flooke of an anchor.

Hither hath Æneas with ſeaun ſhips gladlye repayred.
On ſands from veſſels dooth ſkippe thee coompanye cheereful,
Pruning theyre bodyees, that ſeas erſt terribil harmed.
Firſt on flint ſmiting ſoom ſparcklinges ſprinckled Achates,
In ſpunck or tinder thee quick fyre he kindly receaued.
With ſprigs dry wythered thee flame was noourriſhed aptly.
Foorth do they lay vittayls, with ſtorme diſſeaſoned heauy.
Theyre corne in quernſtoans thye doe grind and toſte yt on embers
In the while Æneas too rock crept loftye, beholding
In the ſea far ſtretching yf that knight Anthews haplye,
Were fruſht, or remanent of Troian nauye wer hulling:
Or Capis, or the armours high picht of manlye Caicus.
No ſhips thence he ſcried, but three ſtags ſturdye wer vnder
Neere the ſeacoſt gating, theym ſlot thee cluſterus heerdflock
In greene frith browſing: ſtil he ſtands and ſnatcheth his arrows
And bowbent ſharply, from kind and faythful Achates:
Chiefe ſtags vpbearing croches high from the antlier hauted
On trees ſtronglye fraying, with ſhaft hee ſtabd to the noombles
Throgh fels and trenches thee chaſe thee coompanye tracked,
Theyre blades they brandiſht, and keene prages goared in entrayls
Of ſtags ſeun migty; with ſhips thee number is eeuened.
With this good venery to the road thee captayn aproched
And to his companions thee kild ſtags equalye ſorted.
With wyne theire veniſon was ſwyld, that Nobil Aceſtes
In ſhore Trinacrian beſtowd with liberal offer.
Theeſe pipes Æneas then among thee coompany broched
And with theeſe ſpeeches theyre myndes thus he cherriſhed hautlye
O deere companions (for we erſt haue taſted of hardnes)
Brawnd with woorſe venturs, thee mightye God alſoe ſhal eend this.
Through Sicil his raging wyld frets and rumbolo ruſtling
On peeres you ſayled, through Cyclops dangerus helcaue.
On with a freſh courradge, and bace thoghts fearful abandon.
Of peril eſcaped much ſhal thee vearye remembraunce
Tickle vs in telling: through ſuch ſharp changeable hazards
And doubtful dangers, oure courſe tward Italye bending,
Wee muſt ruſh forward: oure ſeat theare deſtenye pitcheth.
Theare muſt thee kingdoom with Troian fame be reuiued.

Stand ye to your tacklings: and wayt for prosperus eendings.
Thus did he speake manly, with great cares heauely loaden,
His grief deepe squatting hoap he yeelds with phisnomye cheereful.
They doe plye theire commons, lyke quick and greedye repastours
Thee stags vpbreaking they slit to the dulcet or inchepyn.
Soom doe slise owt collops on spits yeet quirilye trembling,
Soom doe set on caldrons, oothers dooe kendel a bauen.
With food they summond theyre force: and coucht in a meddow
Theyre panch with venison they franck and quaffye carousing,
When famin had parted, the tabils eeke wholye remooued,
They theire lost feloes with long talck greedye requyred.
With feare good coomfort mingling: yf so haplye they liued,
Or that their liues thee tempest bitter had eended.
But chiefly Æneas dyd wayle for manful Orontes
And for knight Amicus, thee fats ek al heauye reuoluing
Of Lycus and of sturdye Gyan, with woorthye Cloanthus.
Now the eende neere streched; from seat when Iuppiter heunly
Thee seas, thee regions and eeche place worldlye beholding,
On Lybye land lastly fixt his celestial eyesight.
And thus as he mused, with tears Venus heauye beblubberd
Prest foorth in presence, and whimpring framed her errand.
O God most pusiaunt, whose mighty auctoritye lasting
Ruls gods, and mankind skeareth with thunderus humbling:
What syn hath Æneas, my brat, committed agaynst the?
What doe the poore Troians? who with fel boucherye slaghterd
For bending passadge to the promised Italye, therefor
No worldly corner can theym securitye warrant.
You to me ful promist, eare that yeers sundrye wer eended,
That Roman famely should spring from the auncetrye Troian,
By whom thee worldly coompas should wholye be ruled.
Wherefor (mightye father) what dooth thy phansye thus alter?
I tooke soom coomfort, when Troy was latelye repressed,
With futur hap coomming, past fortun vnhappye requiting.
And yeet theese wretched vagabunds hard destenye scourgeth
When shal (Prince pusiant) theese dangers dryrye be canceld?
Antenor was habil, from Grekish coompanye slincking,
Too passe through Greceland saulfly to Lyburnical empyre.

Alſo to thee fontayn welſpring of Woorthye Timauus.
Where through nyne channels With mountayns murmerus hurring
Rough the ſea floas forWard, thee land With ſnarnoiſe enhaunting
Heere notwithſtanding this founder buylded a cittye,
That Padua is cleaped, too linnadge Troian alotted.
And arms of Troy toWne bearing: there he ſaulſtie doth harboure.
Wee that ar of kinred too the, and haſt ſhrind in Olympus,
Oure ſhips are Whelmed through ons implacabil anger.
(A pitiful reckning) We ar touzd, and from Italye feazed.
Is this your daughters ritche doWry? her ſtabliſhed empire?
Thee prince of mankind, father of Gods, mirrelye ſimpring
Lyk When he thee tempeſt With cheereful phiſnomye calmeth,
Buſt his prittye parat prating, and mildlye thus aunſWerd.
Feare ye not (ô darling) on thy ſyde deſtenye runneth.
Thee Roman toWne Wals thoW ſhalt ſee loftelye rayſed,
And thy ſun Æneas his glittring glorye to luſter.
This much ? determyn, my mind no partye ſhal alter,
Thy child Æneas (for ſith ſuch care the doth anguiſh,
Thee fates cloſe cooUerd I Wyl to the playnelye ſet open)
Thy ſun, ? ſay, valiant ſhal foſter in ? taly garboyls,
Strong and ſturddye pepil With Wars and victorye trampling.
Theare ſhal he buyld cittyes, and theare laWs ciuil enacting,
Vntyl three ſummars ſhal coompas his hudge Lauyn empyre:
And, the Rutils conquourd, three Wynters ſtormye be glyding.
But thy ſun Aſcanius, Which is eeke ſurnamed Iulus,
(Ilus he Was termed, Whilſt ſtood the great Ilian empyre)
Hee ſhal bee the regent, vntil yeers thirtye be flitted,
From the Lauin kingdoom the ſtate and thee chiefty remooning:
And With thick bulWarck ſhal he fence thee rampired Alba.
Heere thre hundred Wynters ſhal raigne knight Hector his ofſpring,
By Mars fyrye fatherd twyns tyl the Queene Ilia gender;
Romulus in forreſt of Wulues dugge nurriſhed eager
Shal take thee regiment, and toWne Wals ſtatelye ſhal vpraiſe
Of Rome, thee Romans of his oWne name, Romulus, highting.
This rule thus fixed no tyme ſhal limit, or hazard:
Endles I do graunt yt: nay further Iuno fel harted,
Thee ſeas, thee regions, thee ſkies ſo ſpightfulye moyling,

Shal

Shal cut of al quarrels, and with mee newlye ſhal enter
In leage with Romans, and gowne ſept charelye tender.
Theeſe thus ar eſtabliſht. Theare ſhal cum a ſeaſon herafter,
When thee ſayd famely ſhal cruſh Greeks ſegnorye throughly.
Thee Troian Cæſar ſhal ſpire fro this auncetrye regal,
His rule too Garamants, too ſtars his glorye rebounding
Iulius of valerus princely ſurnamed Iulus.
Thow ſhalt hym ſettle, with his eaſt ſpoyls fraighted, in heun ſeat,
Whom with relligious good vows ſhal magnifye diuerſe.
Thee world ſhal be quiet, then ſhal broyls bluddye be finniſht.
Then playne ſound dealing with laws of woorthye Quirinus
And Remus, his broother, thee Roman cittye ſhal order.
Thee gates of warfare wyl then bee mannacled hardly
With ſteele bunch chayne knob, clingd, knurd, and narrolye lincked.
Heere within al ſtorming ſhal Mars bee ſetled on armoure
With braſſe knots hundred crumpled; with ſweld furor haggiſh
Lyke bandog grinning, with gnaſh tuſk greedelye ſnarring.
Thus ſayd: he foorth poſted (by May borne) Mercurye downeward
That new buylt Carthage ſhould houſe thee Troian aſemblye.
Hee flitters ſwiftly with wynges ful fledgye beplumed
On Libye land ſeizing: ther he ſoone perfourmeth his erraund.
Thee Moors are ſweetned by Gods forwarned apoinctement,
But chief of al Dido, thee Queene, was wroght to the Trouans.
But the good Æneas in night with care great awaked
With Phœbus riſing vpgot, too ferret al vncooth
Nouks of ſtrang country, in what coaſt his nauye doth harboure?
If men, or yf ſauadge wyld beaſtes ther in onlye doe paſture.
For ther he no tillagde dyd find: thus was he reſolued.
And what he diſcooverd, too tel to the coompanye flatly.
His ſhips hee kenneld neere forreſt vnder an angle
Of rock deepe dented, ſhaded with thickleaued arbours.
Hee walcks on priuat with noane but faythful Achates
Darts two foorth bringing with ſharp ſteele forcibil headed.
In the myd of forreſt as he gads, his moother aprocheth,
In weed eke in viſage lyke a Spartan virgin in armour
Or lyke to Herpalicee, ſweeſt Queene, ſteeds ſtrong ouerambling,
Which doth in her running ſurpas thee ſwift ſtud of Hebrus.

Shee bare on her ſhoulders her bow bent aptlye lyke huntreſſe;
Downe to the wynd tracing trayld her diſcheaueled hearlocks;
Tuckt to the knee naked: thus firſt ſhee forged her errand.
Ho ſyrs, perceaud you ſoom mayden coompany ſtragling,
Of my deere ſiſters with quiuer cloſelye begyrded
Rearing with ſhoutcry ſoom boare, ſoom ſanglier ougly?
So Venus: and to Venus thee ſoon thus turned his aunſwer.
We hard of no ſhowting, too ſight no ſiſter apered.
ô to the, fayre Virgin, what terme may rightlye be fitted?
Thy tongue, thy viſadge no mortal frayltye reſembleth.
Thart, No doubt, a Godeſſe, too Phœbus ſiſter, or arcted
Too Nymphs in kynred: to the laſting glorye be graunted.
Smooth this craggye trauayl: tel what celeſtial harbour
Coompaſeth our perſons: theeſe men, this countrye we know not.
Vs to this od corner thee wynd tempeſtuus hurled.
This fiſt ſhal ſacrifice great flocks on thy ſacred altars.
Then Venus: I daigne not my ſelf wurth ſutch honor heunly.
Of Tyrian virgins too weare thus a quiuer is vſed.
And to go thus thynly with wrapt vp purpil atyred.
Thow ſeeſt large Affrick, thee Moores, and Towne of Agenor,
Thee Libye land marckmears: a country manful in armoure.
In this coaſt Dido, from her brootherflitted, is empreſſe.
Tedius in telling and long were the iniurye total:
Chief poyncts I purpoſe too touche with ſummarye ſhortneſſe.
Her ſpouſe Sichæus was namd, too no man vnequal
In lands, her dandling with feruent paſſion hoatly.
Her father in wedlock took to hym this virgin vnharmed.
But then her owne brootherwas by right ſetled in empyre,
Pygmalion named; thee ſinck and puddil of hateful
And furiouſe cutthrots: hee murthred ſelly Sichœus,
With gould looue blynded iump at thee conſecrat altars.
Of ſiſters freendſhip reckning; thee murther he whuſted,
His ſyb in her mourning with long coynd forgerye feeding.
But loa, the proper image of corps vntumbed apeered
In dreame too Dido; with pale wan phiſnomye ſtaring.
His breſt he vncloaſed, thee wound, and bluddyful altars.
Thence to flut hee wild her, not long in countrye remayning,

Tward her coſtlye viadge his wief to hyd treaſur he poincted,
Where the vnknowne ingots of gould and ſiluer abounded.
Dido ſo wel forniſht too flee with coompanye poſteth.
Such folck as the tyrant purſude with vengeabil hatred,
Or feard his regiment in thronging cluſter aſembled.
They ſnach ſuch veſſels that then were rigd to be ſayling
Pigmalions riches was ſhipt, that pinchepeny boucher.
And of this valiant attempt a woomman is authreſſe.
Theare they were enſhoared, wheare thow ſhalt ſhortlye ſe townwals,
And citty vpſoaring of new Carthago to ſkytoppe.
Thee plat they purchaſt, that place firſt Byrſa they cleaped
And ſo much as a bulhyd could coompas craftelye getting.
But ſyrs, whence coom you? what wights? or too what abyding
Countrye do you purpoſe too paſſe? Thee capteyn amazed,
And ſobs deepe fetching, with ſight ful ſadlye thus aunſwerd.
O gay Godeſſe luſtringe yf I made to the largelye recital,
Or that of oure troubles you would to the ſummarye liſten,
Thee night thee ſunbeams would ſhrowd in claſped Olympus.
Wee coom from Troytowne (of Troyſeat yf haplye the rumoure
Youre ears hath tinckled) late a tempeſt boyſterus haggard
Oure ſhips to Libye land with rough extremitye tilted.
I am kind Æneas, from ſoes thee ſnatcher of houſgods
Stowd in my veſſels: in ſkyes my glorye doth harboure.
Land I ſeek Italian: from Ioue my pettegrye buddeth.
I made from Troytowne with veſſels twentye to ſeaward,
My dam myghtye Godeſſe gyding, I my deſtenye tracked.
Rackt with ſoure bluſtring ſeaun ſhips ar ſcantlye recooverd
I lyke a poore pilgrim throgh deſert angle of Affrick
Wander, thruſt from Aſian regions and fortunat Europ.
Heere Venus embarring his tale thus ſweetlye replyed.
What wight thwart, doubtleſſe thee gods al greatlye doe tender
Thy ſtate, neere Tyrian citty ſo lucklye to iumble.
Hence take thy paſſadge, to the Queenes court princelye be trudging.
Theare thy coompanions with battred nauye be landed,
With flaws cruſht ruffling, with north blaſt cannaſed hurring.
Thus ſtand thy recknings, vnleſſe me myn augurye fayleth.
Marck loa, ſe wel yoonder ſwans twelue in coompany fluſhing

And

And the skytip percing, enchast with a murtherus eagel
Swift doe sle too landward, on ground al prest tobe seazed.
As theese birds seazed, theyre wyngs with iolitye slapping,
Sweepe the skye, with gladnes theyre creaking harmonye gagling,
Eunso thye companions, or now with saulftye be shoared,
Or, voyd of al danger, theyre ships are grappled at anchor.
Speedelye bee packing, keep on hardlye the playne beaten highway.
This sayd shee turned with rose color heaunlye beglittred.
Her locks lyke Nectar perfumes sweet melloe relinquisht.
Her trayne syd flagging lyke wyde spread Conopye trayled.
Her whisk shewd Deity, hee finding his moother, in anger
Chauffing; thee fugitiue with theese woords sharplye reprooued.
What do ye meane (moother) with an elf show, vaynelye thus often
Youre soon too iuggle? why oure hands both claspe we not hardly?
Why do we not playnely good speeches mutual vtter?
Tward citty trauayling thus he blames her forgerye masked.
But Venus enshrowds theym with a thick fog palpabil ayrye,
Vnseen of eeche person by sleight inuisibil armed:
Least soom theyre passadge with curius article hyndring
Would learne, whence they trauayld? too what coast ar they repayring?
Shee to her loftye Paphos with gladnesse myrrye returneth:
Wheare stands her temple with an hundred consecrat altars;
Smoaking with the encense; the loa pauement senteth of herbflowrs.
In thee meane season they doe passe directlye to towneward
They trip too mountayns high typ, thee cittye but vnder
Marcking; thee castels and turrets statelye beholding.
Æneas woondreth; where dorps and cottages earst stood,
For to se such sturring, such stuffe, such gorgeus handwoorck.
Thee Moors drudge roundly; soom wals are loftelye raysing;
Soom mount high castels; soom stoans downe tumble al headlong;
Soom mearefurth platfoorms, for buylding curius houses;
Soom dooe choose the Senat, sound laws and order enacting;
Soom frame play theaters; soom deepelye dig harborus hauens;
Soom for great palaces doo slise from quarrye the chapters.
Lyke bees in summar season, through rustical hamlets
That flirt in soonbeams, and toyle with mutterus humbling.
When they do foorth carry theyre yoong swarme fledgie to gathring:

Or

Or cels ar farcing with dulce and delicat hoonnye:
Or porters burdens vnloads, or clustred in heerd swarme
Feaze away thee droane bees with sting, from maunger, or hiuecot,
Thee labor hoat sweltreth: thee combs tyme flowrye be sprinckleth.
O Wights most blessed, whose wals be thus happelye touring
Æneas vttred: thee towne top sharplye beholding.
Hee throngs in shryne clowd (a strang and meruelus order)
Through crowds of the pepil, not seene, nor marcked of annye.
In towns myd center theare sprouted a groauecrop, in arbours
Greene weede thick shaded, wheare Moors from surge water angry
Parted, a good token dyd find: for Iuno, the Princesse,
Theare the pate, in digging, of an horse intractabil vttred.
Thee wise diuined, by this prognosticat horshead,
That Moors wyde conquest should gayne with vittayl abundant.
Heere to Iuno Godesse thee Princesse Dido dyd offer
A fayre buylt temple, with treasure ritchlye replennisht.
Thee stayrs brassye grises stately presented, here also
Thee beams with brazed copper were costlye bepounced.
And gates with the metal dooe creake in shrilbated harshing.
In this greene frithcops a new sight newly repressed
Long feareful dangers: Æneas freshlye beginneth
For to raise his courradge: his sharp aduersitye treading,
For whilst in temple corners hee gogled his eyesight
Wayting for Dido; the stat of thee cittye beholding,
Whilst craftmens coonning hee marckt with woonder amazed,
Hee spied on suddeyn thee conflicts Troian al ordred,
And that theire bickrings al soyls haue coompased earthly.
Hee seeth Atrides, Priamus, to both hurtful Achilles.
Fast he stood: and trickling dyd speake: What nouke (syr Achates)
In world what region do not our toyls linelye remember?
Loa the, se king Priamus; soom crooms of glorye be resting.
Soom tears this monument and soom compassion asketh.
Pluck vp a good curradge? this fame soom saulftye wyl offer.
Thus sayd, his hert throbbing with vayne dead pictur he feedeth;
Groane sighs deepe reaching with tears his lyers ful he blubbred.
Hee sees with baretours Troy wals inuironed hardly:
Heere Greeks swiftlye fleing, theym Troiyouths coompanye crushing.

Theare gad thee Troians: in coach runs helmed Achilles.
Hee weeps alſo, ſeing flags whit, with Rheſus his holding
In ſleepe, whom napping, Tydides blooddye betrayed,
His fierce ſteeds leading to the camp, er al hungrye they graſed
On Troian paſturs, or Xanth ſtream gredelye bibled.
Troilus hee marcked running, deueſted of armour:
A luckleſſe ſtripling, not a matche too coape with Achilles:
With ſteeds he is ſwinged, downe picht in his hudge wagon emptye,
Thee rayns yeet griping: his neck and locks fal a ſweeping
Thee ground, his launce ſtaffe thee duſt top turuye doth harrow.
In thee meane ſeaſon Troy dames too temple aproched
Of fretting Pallas, with locks vntreſſed al hanging,
With grief meeklye praying, with breaſt knocks humblye requeſting.
Thee Godes hard louring to the ground her phiſnomye drowped.
Theare thriſe about Troy wals with ſpight knight Hector is haled.
For gould his carcaſſe was ſold by the broker Achilles.
Heere ſighs and ſobbing from breſt vp he mightelye rooted,
Thus too ſee the wagon, thee ſpoyl, the vnfortunat ending
Of deere companion, thee lyke cars alſo doe ſting hym,
For to ſe king Priamus, with his hands owtſtreched, vnarmed.
Hymſelf hee marcked combynd with Greekiſh aſemblye.
Hee noted Indye pepil, with ſwart black Memnon his armye.
Theare wear Amazonical woommen with targat, an haulfmoone
Lykning, conducted by frantick Pentheſilêa,
No ſwarms or trouping horſmen can apale the virago,
Her dug with platted gould rybband girded about her.
A baratreſſe, daring with men, thogh a mayd, to be buckling.
Whilſt prince Æneas theeſe pictturs woonderus heeded,
And eeche pane throghly with ſtedfaſt phiſnomye marcked,
Too churche Queene Dido, thee pearle of bewtye, repayred:
Of liuely yoonckers with a gailand coompanye garded.
In Cynthus forreſt much lyk too ſwift ſlud of Eurot
Where Nymphs a thowſand do friſk with Princelye Diana.
On back her quiuer ſhee bears, and highlye the remnaunt
Of Nymphs ſurpaſing with talright quantitye mounting.
Too ſe this, her ſpirit with ſecret gladnes aboundeth.
Such was Dido ioying, ſo ſhe with regalitye paſſed,

With Princely preſence thee wurcking coompanye cheering.
In the gate of the Godeſſe ſhee ſyts, neere temple his arches
In chayre ſtately throned, with cluſtring garriſon armed.
Shee frams firmlye ſtatuts, and taſk wurcks equalye parteth.
Or toyls too pioners by drawcut lotterye ſorteth.
Now ſees Æneas with a crowding ſudden aſemblye
Antheus and alſo Sergeſtus, doughtye Cloanthus,
And oother Troians with rough ſeas ſtormye beſweltred,
Too ſoyl vnacquaynted by tempeſt horriblye pelted.
Hee ſtands aſtonyed, ſo woondreth lykwiſe Achates:
For to ſhak hands freendly fear bars, now gladnes on haleth.
But the caſe vnwytted theym lets, thearfor they reſolued,
With darck clowd ſhaded, too learne theyr formor auentur,
Whearеryde theyre veſſels? why they coom? what caus is of haſtning?
For they the pickt choiſemen dyd cul from nauye, requeſting
Mercye, to the temple trotting with meruelus houling.
When they wer in preſence, of pleading pardon afurded,
Then the braue Ilionus thus ſtout deliured his errand.
O Queene moſt puſiaunt, too whom king Iuppiter heunly
Too raiſe a new citty, by rare felicitye, graunted,
And to rule a countrey, with ſcepter of equitye, ſturdy:
Wee caytiefe Troians, with ſtorms ventoſitye mangled,
Doo craue thee (Princeſſe) from flams oure nauye to guerdon.
Yeeld pytye, graunt mercy; flowrs of gentilitye pardon.
For we hither ſayld not, thee Moors with an armye to vanquiſh;
Or from their region with prede too gather an heardflock.
Such valerus coorradge rarely men conquered haunteth.
Theare ſtands a region, by Greeke bards Heſperye named,
A wel known countrey, for ſtrong and plentiful holden,
Theare dwelt th' Oenotrians; but in oure adge Italye cleaped,
So namd of captayn: too this braue countrye we mynded
Too bend oure iourney.
But with a flaw ſuddeyn chauffing ſtormbringer Orion,
Spurnt vs too the waters: then ſootherne ſwaſhruter huffling
Flundge vs on high ſhelueſlats, to the rocks vs he buffeted after.
Heere then a poore remnaunt in this thy ſegnorye landed.
What fel beaſtlye pepil reſt heer? ſuch barbarus vſadge

What ſoyle wyld foſters? On ſands they renounce vs an harboure.
They doe byd vs battayl, fro the ſhoare thee coompanye puſhing.
If ye doe ſkorne mankind, and eeche wight mortal his harming,
Let Gods ſharp Iuſtice in ſoom ſort yeet be remembred,
Oure king Æneas vs ruld, who for equitye rightful
Euerye man owt paſſed, for feats and martial armoure.
If this prince matchleſſe no mortal deſtenye daunted,
But yet is in breathing, from tempeſt ſaulſlye recoouerd:
Firſt begin a freendſhippe, for he wyl make fullye requital.
In Sicil eek region fayre towneſhips ſundrye be ſetled:
In that od Iſle raigneth, from Troyblud ſpirted, Aceſtes.
Graunt foorth thy warrant in docks oure nauye toe ſettle:
Graunt plancks from forreſt too clowt oure battered inlecks,
That we our king meeting may paſſe t'ward Italye ſayling.
If Libye ſeas raging the liefe of this captayn haue eended,
If no good coomfort dooth reſt of nobil Iulus:
Suffer vs at leaſt wiſe, with iagged nauye retyring
To Sicil oure paſſadge too bend, too famus Aceſtes.
This ſpeche had Ilionus: that ſong his coompanye chaunted.
Brieflye then heere Dido, with downe caſt phiſnomye, parled.
Reſt ye quiet, Troians, your thoghts from danger abandon.
In great ſundrye peryls, my ſtate ſet rawlye me ſtreineth
Too keepe thus the ſeacoaſt with ward and garriſon heedeful.
Who doe not Æneas, or Troian cittye remember?
Theire valor and courradge, theyre fyrebrand glorius onſets?
Wee Moors, lyke dullards, are not ſo wytles abyding,
Nor Phebe from oure citty dooth ſo far ſunder his horſes.
Yf ye be determynd, too ſayl to old Italye Saturne,
Or to Sicil backward to the king, right nobil, Aceſtes,
Ile ye man, eſquipping youre ſhips with furniture aptlye.
Or wyl you ſoiourne in this my feminin empyre?
In towne you deniſons I do make: let nauye be docked.
Troians and Tyrians I wyl with one equitye meaſure.
Would God your captayn with ſoutherne blaſt puf inhurled
Heere made his arrival; but a watch t'ward mouth of eche hauen
Speedelye ſhal be placed, your chieftayn woorthye to ferret:
Wheather he through forreſt dooth range, or wandreth in hamlets.

This

This princelye promiſſe boldning both manful Achates
And father Æneas, thee clowd with greedines eager
Too cleaue they coouet: to Æneas thus firſt ſayd Achates.
Thow ſun of heunlye Godeſſe, how ſtands thy phanſye reſolued?
Thow ſeeſt al cockſure, thy fleete, thy coompanye ſalued.
One ſhip is only abſent, that in oure ſight ſanckt to the bottom.
Thy moothers prophecy to the remnaunt fitlye doth aunſwere.
Scant had he thus ſpoken, when clowd theym droßye relinquiſht,
And from earthly thickneſſe, too thinneſſe vanniſhed ayerye.
Theare ſtud vp Æneas, with glittring beautye redowning.
Godlyke in his feauture: for his heunly moother amended
His buſh with trimming, his ſight was yoouthlye bepurpled:
His looke ſweete ſimpred, much lyke to the pulliſhed inerye
By crafts hand burniſht: or with Phœbe ſilner enameld:
Or touch ſtoane braſed with deepe gould purelye refined.
Hee then vnexſpected to the Queene thus brauelye replyed.
Heere do I ſtand preſent, whom you ſo gladlye required,
Æneas Troian from ſtormes defalcked of Affrick.
Of trauayl of Troians, O Queene, thee ſucceres only.
Wee crooms of Troians with land and ſeafurye moyled,
Of welth diſpoyled, lyke plodding ſtormebeaten haglers
From natiue country, from citty exiled abyding,
For theeſe thy benifits too make lyke freendlye requital
I may not, Dido: nay the routs of progenye Troian
Through wilde world ſcatterd, can not make woorthy repayment.
Thee Gods (yf Deitee worcks of wights godlye regardeth,
If right bee raigning, yf vertue is too be rewarded)
Yeeld to the lyke kyndneſſe, What world, what vertuus heunly
Both father and moother gaue breath to ſo peereles a daughter.
Whilſt hils caſt ſhaddows, whilſt ſtreams to the ſeas be reuoluing,
Whilſt ſtars ar twinckling in the orbs of fixed Olympus,
Thy fame with thine honor ſhal bee by eternitye blazed
To what coaſt I trauayl: Theeſe ſpeeches duytiful vttred
Hee ſhaks Ilionus with right hand, alſoe Sereſtus
With left hand, ſo doughtye Gian, ſo doughtye Cloanthus.
Firſt was Queene Dido with a ſight thus ſudden apaled,
Next with his hard venturs, and thus ſhee rendred her aunſwer.

Thow ſun of hautye Godeſſe, what crooked dangerus hazards
Purſu thy perſon? what ſeas thee terribil hither
Haue flounſt? And art thow Æneas mightye, begotten
Of thy ſyre Anchiſes, and of Venus at Simo fountayne?
I ſaw king Teucer whillon too Sidon aproching
Expulſt fro his regions, his right with might too recouer,
And with ayd of Belus: then my ſire Belus in Iſland
Of Cyprus raigned, that land with victorie mayſtring
From that tyme forward I knewe thee Troian auenturs,
Thee name of thee citty, what kings ſucceded in empyre.
Enne thee veri enimy thee Troians glorye did vtter.
And from theyre linnadge right hee deriued his ofſpring.
Whearefor, freend Troians, with draw your ſelues to mye lodgings.
Mee the lyk hard venturs erſt, and aduerſitye ſuffring
In this new kingdoom good fortun laſtlye repoſed,
My ſelf erſt flighted to reliue thee flicted I learned.
Thus ſhee diſcourſed: to palaice foorth ſtatelye ſhe leadeth
Thee prince Æneas; when ſeruice godlye was eended.
Thee whilſt to his nauy ſhee cauſed twentye fat oxen
Straight to be conueighed, with an hundred briſteled hudgebrawns,
Of ſheepe lyke number with lambs: gods mightye rewarding.
But the inner lodgings were with regalitye trimmed.
In mydſt of chaumber thee roume for bancket is apted,
Thee wals are cloathed with maſſy and purpuled arras,
Of plate great cupboords, thee gould embоſſed in anticque
Patterns, her linnadge by long fetcht pettegre trayling
Of ſyers thee bedrol with natiue countrye recorded.
Then the good Æneas (for carcking naturall eggeth
Thee mynd of the parent) to the veſſels poſted Achates,
This to tel Aſcanius, conducting hym to the cittye.
Thee ſyre in his darlings good ſucceſſe chieflye reioyceth.
Lykwiſe he commaunded too bring from nauye the preſents
Snacht from Troy ranſackt, with gould frets ritchlye bedawbed.
Alſō the roabe pretiouſe colored lyke ſaufred Achantus:
Which plad veſted Helen, from Greece when to Troy ſhe flitted;
Her weeds of wedlock, that her haut dam Leda dyd offer,
Of price a rare preſent: alſo thee ſcepter he willed

Of the fayr Ilionee to be broght: this fayrye was eldeſt
Of Priamus daughters, this mace too carrye ſhe woonted:
Thee pearle and gould crowns too bring with garganet beauye.
With this charge vttred to the veſſels haſtned Achates.
But Venus in muſing with caers intoxicat hudling
New ſleights freſh forgeth: the face of trim prittye Cupido
Too chang with iuggling, whereby hee too Dido reſorting
In place of Aſcanius, with gyfts might carrye the Princeſſe
Too brayneſick looueſits, to her boans fire ſmouldered huffling.
For Venus haulf doubteth thee Moors ſly treacherus handling:
Iuno her tormenteth: by night this terror her haunteth.
This reaſon her ſturring thus ſpake ſhe to cocknye Cupido.
My ſweete choiſe bulcking, my force and my power onlye,
My baby deſpiſing thee bolts of Iuppiter angrye;
Of the requeſt I refuge, with meeke ſubmiſſion humbled.
Thow knoweſt Æneas, by broothers byrth to the lincked,
Through ſeas to haue wandred by Iunoes merciles hattred:
Thow knowſt thee venturs: my grief thy hert often hath anguiſht.
Dido enterteigneth this gueſt with curteſye ciuil.
Yeet do I ſtil feare me theeſe fayre Iunonical harbours.
In ſtraw thear lurcketh ſoom pad: yeet wyl ſhe be ſturring.
Thearefor her endewours with counter craftinis hynder.
Inflame thee Princeſſe with loones affection earneſt
That mye ſun Æneas with mee ſhee chieflye may dandle.
This drift too coompaſſe let this my loare be wel heeded.
At the fathers ſending thee boy to the cittye repayreth.
(Delicat Aſcanius, whoſe forward ſucces I tender)
With many rich preſents from Troyflams narrolye ſcaped.
This child faſt ſleeping wyl I lodge in loftye Cythèra,
Els on hil Idalium in ſeat ſacred he ſhal be repoſed.
Leaſt that he this ſtratagem ſhould find, or woorck wylye ſounder.
Thow ſhalt his viſadge for a nights ſpace fitlye reſemble.
Thee gay boy kindlye playing, thee knowne lads phiſnomye taking:
That when Queene Dido ſhal col the, and ſmacklye bebaſſe thee,
When quaffing wynebols, when bancquets deyntye be ſerued,
When ſhe ſhal embrace thee, when lyplicks ſweetlye ſhe faſtneth;
That then thow be ſuer, too plant thy poyſoned hoatloone.

Too moothers counſayl thee fyrye Cupido doth hærcken
Of puts he his feathers, fauoring with gatetrip Iulus.
But Venus enfuſeth ſweet ſleepe to the partye reſembled,
Too woods Idalian thee child nice cocknyed heauing
In ſeat of her booſom: neere ſenting delicat herbflowrs
Of pretious Maioram, with ſhade moſt temperat houſed.
But now thee changling with gyfts dooth trudge to the cyttye
On to the court poſting: his gyde was truſtful Achates.
When that he too chaumber, moſt ſtately decked, aproched
Dido ſat on beadſteed with curtens gorgeus hanged.
Then father Æneas with Troian cluſter aſembled:
On palet of ſcarlet they were for coßherye ſetled.
Thee wayting ſeruaunts riche baſons maſſye doe carrye
Alſoe wyping towels: maunchets ſum in pantrye doe baſket
Fiftye buſy damſels with charge of buttrye be tangled
With flame eke relligiouſe too fire thee conſecrat aultars.
Maydens, manſeruaunts, of eche is there numbred an hundred,
That with princelye viand the tabils al francklye doe furniſh.
Thee Tyrian lordings too Court moſt freſhlye reſorted.
On neeld wroght carpets theeſe gueſtes were al uſhered aptly.
Æneas preſents they marck, they doe gaze at Iulus.
His face goodlye roſet, with ſpeaking forgerye feigned.
They doe look at mantel, with roabs of ſaffrod Achanthus:
To futur harme lotted: but chieflye the princes unhappie
Is not with gazing contented fullye, but eauer
Shee doth eye thee preſents: thee mopſy her phantaſye lurcheth.
On father Æneas his neck thee dandiprat hangeth.
And to his great lyking his ſyre ſuppoſed he gayneth.
Heeſkips too Dido: thee Queene with curteſye cheereful
Accepts thee princox: ſoometyme ſhe hym claſpeth in armes.
Poore ſoule not wytting what great God her hoatlye beſiegeth.
But this prittye peacock, his dames charge ſtilye remembring,
Firſt of al attempteth too raze from phanſye Sichaus.
With quick loone liuing fro the dead the affection haling:
Too new flamd liking her mynd, erſt ruſtye, reducing.
When fare was finniſht the tabils eeke ſtately remooued
Hudge bols thick they placed, with garlands crownd the they mazars.

Al the palaice ringeth with ſtamp, a mutterus humming
Tinckleth through the entryes: the tapers eeke kendled ar hanging
From gold wyre glittring: thee night with brightnes is owted.
Heere thee Queene wylled that a maſſiue gould cup, abounding
With ſtoans coucht pretious, ſhould bee preſented; her owne hands
Thee goulden goblet with ſpirt wyne nappye replenniſht.
This cup king Belus with her old ſyers former al vſed.
Thee rout kept a ſilence, theeſe ſpeeches Dido dyd vtter.
Iuppiter (of gueſt folcks thee ſtay thwart truelye reported)
Graunt that this preſent Tyrian with Troian aſemblye
May breede good fortune to our freends and kynred heer after.
Let make ſport Bacchus, with good ladye Iuno, be preſent.
And ye, my freend Tyrians, thee Troian coompanye frollick.
Thus ſayd, with ſipping in veſſel nycelye ſhe dipped.
Shee chargeth Bicias: at a blow hee luſtelye ſwapping,
Thee wyne freſh ſpuming with a draught ſwild vp to the bottom.
Thee remnant lordings hym pledge: Then curled Iöppas
Twangd on his harp golden, what he Whillon learned of Atlas.
How the moone is trauerſd; how planet ſoonnye reuolueth,
Hee chaunts: how mankind, how beaſts dooe carrye their offſpring.
How floods be engendred, ſo how fire, celeſtial Arcture,
Thee rainebreede ſeunſtars, with both the Trionical orders.
Why the ſun at weſtward ſo tymely in wynter is houſed.
And whye the night ſeaſons in ſummer ſwiftlye be poſting.
Thee Moors hands clapping, thee Troians, plaudite, flapped.
But with ſundrye motiue demaunds Queene Dido the night ſpace
Strecht, then vnhappy being with looues ſweet poyſon atached,
Verye much of Priamus demaunding and much of Hector.
Alſo how thee darling of bright Aurora was armed?
How Diameds horſes were ſhapt? how ſtrong was Achilles?
Nay gueſt, quod the lady, decipher from the beginning
Thee Greekiſh falſhood, with thy owne ſharp venterus hazards.
For now ſeun ſummers ar ſpent, ſence thy tranayl hardy
On land and ſayling, lyk pilgrim, cauſd the to wander.

Finis libri primi.

THEE SECVND BOOKE OF VIRGIL HIS ÆNEIS.

WYth tentiue lyſtning eeche wight was ſetled in harckning,
Thus father Æneas chronicled from lofty bed hautye.
Yow me byd, O Princeſſe, too ſcarrify a feſtered old ſoare.
How that thee Troians wear preſt by Gracian armye.
Whoſe fatal miſery my ſight hath wytneſed heauye:
In which ſharp byckring my ſelf, as partye, remayned.
What ruter of Dolopans weare ſo cruel harted in harckning,
What curſt Myrmidones, what karne of canckred Vliſſes
That voyd of al weeping could eare ſo mortal an hazard?
And now with moyſture thee night from welken is haſtning:
And ſtars too ſlnmber dooe ſtur mens natural humours.
How be yt (Princelye Regent) yf that thy affection earneſt
Thy mynd enflameth, too learne our fatal auentures,
Thee toyls of Troians, and laſt infortunat affray:
Thogh my queazy ſtomack that bluddye recital abhorreth,
And tears with trilling ſhal bayne my phiſnomye deepelye:
Yeet thyn hoat affected deſyre ſhal gayn the reherſal.
Thee Greekiſh captayns with wars and deſtenye mated,
Fetching from Pallas ſoom wiſe celeſtial engyn,
Framd a ſteed of tymber, ſteaming lyk mounten in hudgneſſe.
A vow for paſſadge they faynde, and Brute ſo reported.
In this od hudge ambry they ramd a number of hardye
Tough knights, thick farcing thee ribs with cluſtered armoure.
In ſight is Tenedos of Troy; thee famoſed Iſland;
Whilſt Priamus flooriſht, a ſeat with ritches abounding.
But now for ſhipping a rough and dangerus harboure.
Theare lurckt theeſe minions in ſort moſt ſecret abiding.
Al we then had deemed, to Grace that the armye retyred
Thearefor thee Troians theyre longborne ſadnis abandon:

Thee gates vncloaſed they ſkud with a liuely vagare,
Thee tents of the enymyes marcking, and deſolat hauen.
Heere foght thee Dolopans, theare ſtoutly encountred Achilles,
Heere rode thee nauye: theare battayls bluddye wear offred.
Soom do loke on diſmal preſent of loftye Minerua.
Alſo they gaze woondring at the horſe his meruelus hudgneſſe
And firſt exhorteth thee Troians ſeallye Tymetes
Too bring thee monument intoo thee cittye; then after
For to place in ſtately caſtel thee monſterus Idol.
Wheather he ment treaſons, or ſo ſtood deſtenye Troian.
But Capys and oothers diuing more deepelye to bottom,
Warelye ſuſpecting in gyfts thee treacherye Greekiſh,
Dyd wiſh thee woodden monſter weare drowned, or harbourd
In ſcorching fyrebrands: or ribs too ſpatter a ſunder.
Thee wauering Commons in kym kam ſectes ar haled.
First then among oothers, with no ſmal coompanye garded
Laocoon ſtorming from Princely caſtel is haſtning,
And a far of beloing: What fond phantaſtical harebrayne
Madnes hath enchaunted your wits, you townſmen vnhappye?
Weene you (blynd hodipecks) thee Greekiſh nauye returned?
Or that theyre preſents want craft? Is ſubtil Vliſſes
So ſoone forgotten? My lief for an haulf penye (Troians)
Either heer ar couching ſoom troups of Greekiſh aſemblye,
Or to cruſh our bulwarcks this woorck is forged, al houſes
For to prye ſurmounting thee towne: ſoom practis or oother
Heere lurcks of coonning: truſt not this treacherus enſigne:
And for a ful reckning, I lyk not barrel or hearing.
Thee Greeks beſtowing theyre preſents Greekiſh? feare mee.
Thus ſayd: he ſtout reſted, with his chaapt ſtaf ſpeedelye running
Strong the ſteed he chargeth, thee planck rybs manfuly riuing.
Then the iade, hit, ſhiuered, thee vaults haulf ſhrillye rebounded
With clnſh claſh buzing, with droomming clattered humming.
Had Gods or fortun no ſuch courſe deſtenye knedded:
Or that al our ſenſes weare not ſo bluntlye benummed
Thear ſleight and ſtratagems had beene diſcoouered eaſlye,
Now Troy with Priamus caſtel moſt ſtatelye remayning.
But loa, the mean ſeaſon, with ſhouting clamorus hallow

Of Troytowne the ſhepheerds a yoncker mannacled haling
Preſent too Priamus: this gueſt ful ſlylye dyd offer
Hym ſelf for captiue, thearby too coompas his heasting,
And Troian citty to his Greekiſh countrye men open.
A braſſe bold merchaunt in cauſes dangerus hardye.
In doubtful matters thus ſtands hee flatlye reſolued,
Or to cog: or certeyn for knauerye to purchas a Tyburne.
Thee Troian ſtriplings crowding dooe cluſter about hym:
Soom view thee captiue, ſoom frumping quillites vtter.
Now lyſten lordings, too Greekiſh cooſinage harcken,
And of one od ſubtil ſtratagem, moſt treacherus handling
Conſter al.
For when this princox in mydſt of throng ſtood vnarmed,
Heedelye thee Troians marcking with phiſnomye ſtaring:
Oh, quod he, what region ſhal ſhrowd mee villenus owtcaſt?
Whearto ſhal I take me forlorne vnfortunat hoaploſt?
From Greekiſh countrey do I ſtand quit banniſhed: alſo
Thee wrath hoat of Troians my blood now fierclye requireth.
Thus with a ſob ſighing our mynds with mercye relenting
Greedelye wee coouet, too learne his kinred, his errand,
His ſtate, eke his meaning, his mynd, his fortun, his hazard.
Then the ſquyre emboldned dreadles thus coyned an aunſwer.
King: my faith I plight heere, to relate thee veritye ſoothlye.
I may not, I wyl not deny my Greecian offſpring.
Thogh Sinon a caytiefe by fortun ſcuruye be framed
A lyer hym neauer may ſhe make, nor cogger vnhoneſt.
If that, king puſiaunt, ye haue herd earſt haplye reported
Thee name of thee famouſe Palamedes greatlye renowmed:
Thee Greeks this captayne with villenus iniurye murdred:
Hym they lying charged with treaſons falſlye, for hyndring
Forſooth theyre warfars: hym dead now dolfulye mourne they:
Too ſerue this woorthy, to hym neerely in kinred alyed,
My father vnwelthy mee ſent, then a prittye page, hither.
Whilſt he ſtood in kyngdoom cockſure, whilſt counſel auayled,
Then we were of reckning; our feats weare duelye regarded.
But when my cooſen was ſnapt by wycked Ulliſſes,
(A ſtorye far publiſht, no gloaſing fabil I twattle)

With

With choloricque fretting I dumpt, and ranckled in anguish:
My tongue not charming with fumimg fustian anger
Playnelye with owt cloaking, I vowd to be kindlye reuenged,
Eauer yf I backward too natiue countrye returned.
And thus with menacing lyp threats ? purchased hatred.
Hence grew my crosbars, hence always after Vlisses
With new forgd treasons me, his foa, too terrefye coonets.
Oft he gaue owt rumours, hee fabled sundrye reportes,
Mee to trap in matters of state, with forgerye knauish.
His malice hee fostred, tyl that priest Calchas he gayned.
But loa, to what purpose do I chat such ianglerye trim trams?
What needs this yngring? syth Greeks ye hold equal in hatred,
Syth this eke herd, serueth, speede furth your blooddye reuengment.
So ye may ful pleasure thee Greeks, and profit Ulisses.
Thee les he furth pratled, thee more wee longed in harcking,
Too learne al the reasons, no Greekish villenye doubting,
Thee rest chil shinering he with hert delinered hollow.
Thee Greeks theyre passadge very oft determined homward.
And clooyd with byckring theese wars they thoght to relinquish.
Would God yt had falne so: yet yt had so truelye, but often
South wynds with wynter storming theyre iournye dyd hinder.
Also of late season, when the horse was finnished holye
Thee skyes lowd rumbled with ringing thunderus hurring.
With weather astonyed, with such storms geason agryfed,
Wee sent Euripilus too sacred Apollo for aunswer.
Too soon he this messadge ruful from the oracle vttred.
Thee wynds with bloodshed were swagd, with slaughter of hallowd
Virgin, to Troy ward when first you bended a nauye,
Youre viage also hoamward a slaughter blooddye requyreth.
Thee wynd puffe blustring no blood but Greecian asketh.
When knight Euripilus this messadge crooked had opned,
Then we were al daunted, with trembling feareful atached,
What Greek for sacrafice thee God demaunded Apollo.
Shortlye the priest Calchas was broght by the shrewd wyt Vlisses,
And now soar laboreth, too know what person is asked.
Diuerse dyd prophecy foorth with my destenye final.
That this new practise from my old foes treacherye spraueth.

Thee prieſt twiſe fiue dayes thee caſe with ſecreacye ſealeth.
Hee maks it ſcrupulous forſooth with blooddye reherſal
Of tongue, too ſacrifice a wight: hym preſſed Vliſſes
This nōt with ſtanding, with long importunat vrging,
Of purpoſe Calchas mee wretch too the altar apoincted.
Thearto the reſt yeelded; for what theym priuat had anguiſht,
On me they ſoone ſetled with publicque ioyful agreement.
With poſting paſſadge thee day moſt diſmal aproched,
Thee fruits al be ready, garland to mye temple is apted,
My ſcape ? deny not, my flight from priſon I knowledge,
Thee woas and the myry foule bogs for an harborye taking
Vntil they to ſeaward had packt, and ſayles had hoyſed.
Now ſhal I wayle, poore ſoule, from natiue countrye remoued,
Of father accoumpting my ſelf, of chyldren al hoapleſſe.
Whoſe giltleſſe ſlaughter be my flight is lyke to be coompaſt.
Thee do I craue, Priamus, by Gods almightye ſupernal
(Yf truth, yf vnfayned good fayth dooth flooriſh among men)
For to ſpare a wretched fugitiue thus touzed in hatred.
Wee thawde with weeping doo pardon francklye the villeyn.
In perſon Priamus ſoorth with commaunded his yrons
For to be diſioyncted, theeſe woords eke gratius adding.
What wight th'wart, ſtranger, no Greekiſh countrye remember.
Thow ſhalt be a Troian; yet in one doubt truelye reſolue me.
What means this burly ſhapte horſe? what perſon is author?
For what relligion? what drift ? what martial engyn?
This ſayd: my yooncker with Greekiſh treacherye leſſond,
Too ſtars vp mounting both his hands vnmannacled, aunſwerd.
You fires perpetual with rits vnſpotted abyding,
Too you for wytneſſe do ? cal: you myſtical altars,
You ſwoords ? fled from, that I woare, you conſecrat headbands,
I do hold yt lawful, to reueale thee myſterye Greekiſh,
Too ſcorne theyre perſons, to blab theyre ſecrecye priuat.
What law can bynd mee, to be trew to ſo wycked a countrey?
So that you, Troians, in promiſt mercye be conſtant,
Yf truth I ſhal manifeſt, yf gifts bee largelye requited.
Thee Greeks aſſuraunce in Pallas whoalye remayned
And with her aſſiſtaunce theyre wars were ſhouldered always.

But syth Tydides, eke of euels thee founder Ulisses
Attempted lewdly fro the church to imbeazel an holy
Patterne of Pallas, thee keepers filthelye quelling,
Then they the sacred image with brude fist blooddye prophaned,
Thee virgins garlands with contempt impius handling:
Syth they that attempted, thee Greekish succes abated
And ther hoap al backward dyd drag: thee virgin eke angrye.
And her wrath the Godesse with signs most sensibil opned.
Scant was this patterne of Pallas setled among vs
When flams of firy flashing most terribil hissed:
It sweat with chauffing: three tymes (to to strang to be spoken)
From ground yt mounted, both launce and targat eke holding.
Through seas priest Calchas, to retyre back hastelye, wisheth
For that agaynst Troians thee Greeks doo vaynelye bear armoure.
Tyl that with the Godesse theymselues too Greece be returned.
Which they perfourmed. Now that they sayled ar hoameward
They purney weapons and Gods too pacifye purpose,
And to returne hastly: thus Calchas eeche plat hath ordred.
They framd this monument to appease celestial anger
Of the Godesse Pallas, the prophet that practis apoincted.
Howbeyt, Priest Calchas would haue the horse lifted in hudgnesse,
Lest you, thee Troians, through gats should carrye the present.
And so to bee shielded yet agayn with patronage anticque.
If you with violence this gyft too scatter had hapned,
Graund heaps of mischief (which Gods on the author his hertroote
First set (I doo pray theym) should Troian cittye replennish.
And yf this relliek by you to the cittye wer haled,
Then, loa, the stout Troians in wars should glorye triumphing,
Wee to ye, lyke bondslaues, our selues for vanquished offring.
With this gay glosing of a stincking periured hangman
Wee wer al inueigled, with wringd tears nicetye blended.
Those whom Tydides, whom Lauissæan Achilles
And al theyre warlick vessels, in number a thowsand,
In ten yeers respit could not with victorye vanquish.
But marck what foloed: what chaunce and luck cruel hapned
Iump with this cogging, our mynds and senses apaling.
As priest Laocoon by lot to Neptun apoynted

A bul for sacrifice ful sizde dyd slaughter at altars,
Then, loa ye, from Tenedos through standing deepe flud apeased
(I shiuer in telling) two serpents monsterus ouglye
Plasht the water sulcking to the shoare moste hastelye swinging.
Whose brests vpsteaming, and manes blood speckled inhaunced
Hygh the sea surmounted, thee rest in smooth flud is hydden
Their tayls with croompled knot twisting swashlye they wrigled.
Thee water is rowsed, they doe frisk with slownse to the shoare ward,
Thee land with staring eyes bluddy and sirie beholding:
Their fangs in lapping they stroak with brandished hoat tongs.
Al we fle from sacrifice with sight so grisled afrighted.
They charg Laocoon, but first they raght to the sucklings,
His two yong children with circle poysoned hooking.
Theym they doe chew, renting theyre members tender a sunder.
In vayne Laocoon the assault lyke a stickler apeasing
Is to sone embayed with wrapping girdle y coompast,
His midil embracing with wig wag circuled hooping,
His neck eke chayning with tayls, hym in quantitye topping,
Hee with his hands labored theyre knots too squise, but al hoaples
Hee striues: his temples with black swart poyson ar oynted.
Hee freams, and skrawling to the skye brays terribil hoyseth.
Much lyke as a fat bul beloeth, that setled on altar
Half kild escapeth thee mißing boucherus hatchet.
But theese blooddye dragons too sacred temple aproched
Vnder feete lurcking and shield of mightye Minerua.
A feare then general mens mated senses atached.
Wee iudge Laocoon to be iustly and woorthelye punnisht,
For that he rash charged with launce thee mystical idol.
Streight to place in citty this image, too pacifye swiftly
Thee Godes offended, they doe crye.
Downe we beat oure rampiers, our towne wals gapwyd ar opned.
Al we fal a woorcking, thee wheels wee prop with a number
Of beams and sliders, thee neck with cabul is hooped.
Through wals downe razed wee draw thee mischeuus engyn,
Ful bagd with weapons: sonnets are carroled hymnish
By lads and maydens, the roap ons to tip hertelye longing.
Hit slids, and menaceth futur hurt in cittye reposed.

O Gods,

O Gods, & countrey, O Troy walls stronglye be rampyerd
Foure tymes this monument at townegats staggred in entring,
Foure tymes with the armour close coucht thee paunch bely classhed.
How be yt, blynd bayards we plod on with phrensie bedusked.
And in thee castel we doe pitch this monster vnhappye.
By Gods commaundment thee trouth Cassandra reuealed,
Neauer in her prophecyes by the Troians seallye beleeued.
Wee for a last farewel doo deck through cittye the temples.
Thee whilst night darckneesse right after soonset aproched,
With shaddow clowding earth, heun, and treacherie Greekish.
Thee Greeks that glyded through wals, al softlye be whusted.
Then the Phalanx Greekish dyd sayl with nauye wel ordred
From Tenedos: shinings of moone most freendlye doe gyde theym.
To the shoare acquaynted they doe shooue: fyre of admiral hoysed,
Streight Sinon, assured by Gods and destenye wrongful,
Thee stuf paunch closet from lincking ioynctlye releaseth.
Thee doores discloased, by roaps thee coompanye slided.
Tisandrus, Sthenelus captayns, hard herted Ulisses.
And Athamas, next also Thoas foorth ishued hastlye.
Also Neoptolemus, but of oothers chiestye Machäon.
Downe Menelaus is holpt, of the engyn forger Epëus.
Oure men ar assaulted, with sleepe, with druncknes asotted.
Thee watch they murthred, thee gats set eke open, a cluster
Of theyre companions they let in, thee coompanye lincketh.
Then was yt a season, when slumber sweetlye betaketh
Eech mortal person by woont and natural order.
I, loa, then in sleeping, to my seeming sorrosful Hector
Prest furth in presence, and salt tears dolfulye showred.
Harryed in steedyocks as of earst, black bluddye to visadge
With dust al powdred, with filthood dustye bedagled.
His feet ar vpswelling with raynes of bridil ybroached.
Woa me God, how greatly was he chaunged from that od Hector,
Too Troy that whillon dyd turne with spoyls of Achilles,
Or that with wyldfire thee Greekish nauye beskorched.
His berd was slootish, thee blood, thick cluttred, his hears staynd.
Those wounds wyde bearing, that he neere thee cittye receaued.
I then, as I deemed by myn own wyl, thearto not asked,

Wept, in this maner to hym speeches sorroful vttring.
O star of al Troians, of towne thee prosperus holder,
What lets thee lingred? from what far countrye, syr Hector,
Long loockt for coomst thow? so that after dangerus hazards,
And diuers burials of freends, of kinred, of oothers
Wee tost now doe se thee. By what chaunce filthye thy visadge
Is thus dissigured? Theese wounds why mortal apeere they?
Hee litle accoumpted this fond and vanitye childish,
But sighs vpplucking from brest ful deepelye, thus aunswerd.
Thow soon of holye Godesse, from flame thy carcas abandon.
Thee foes haue conquerd, Troytowne is fired of al sydes.
Too citty and Priamus liefynough Gods destenye graunted.
Yf that thee Troians hand stroaks could fortefye manful,
This fiste, Greeks hacking, that fensiue seruice had eended.
Too the recommendeth Troytowne theyr consecrat housgods.
Take theese for the pilots of fats, by theyr ayd seke a cittye.
Which stately townewals by thee shalstronglye be founded,
Through large seas passadge when thou shalt wander hereafter.
Thus sayd: thee garland, mee thoght, and Vesta the mightye
From altars down fetching, thee fiers eternal he quenched.
Thee whilst in citty there roard a changabil howling,
Stil the noise encreaseth (yea thogh that verye far inward
My father Anchises his court was setled in arbours)
Thee skrich rings mounting, increast is the horror of armoure,
From sleepe I broad waked, to top hastly of turret ? posted,
And to the shril yerning with tentiue greedines harckned.
Much lyke as in cornes hocks sindged with blasterus hurling
Of Southwynd whizeling: or when from mounten a rumbling
Flud raks vp foorrows, ripe corne, and tillage of oxen.
Downe tears yt wyndfals, and thick woods sturdelye tumbleth.
Thee crack rack crashing the vnwytting pastor amazeth.
Now Greeks most playnely their craft, long hammered, opned.
Vulcan hath, in flaming, quit burnt, by his furnitur heating,
The house of Deiphobus, then next his neighbor his housframe
Vcalegon kendleth, Thee strand flams fyrye doe brighten.
Thee towns men roared, thee trump taratantara ratled.
Thus then I distracted, with a hastning, ran to mye weapons,

Too ſhock in coombats, or gard with coompanye caſtels
Mee my wyl on ſpurreth, thus wrath, thus phrenſye me byddeth.
And to dye with byckring I tooke for a glorius emprice.
But ſee: prieſt Panthus of towne and ſacred Apollo
Panthus Otriades thee Greekiſh boucherye ſcaping,
Heeld in his hands holy rellicques, Gods conquered, alſo
His yoong prittye nephew, to the ſtrandward ſpeedelye trotting.
What newes, ſyr Panthus? what forte were beſt to be fenced?
Scant ſayd I theeſe ſpeeches, when woords to me dolful he rendred.
Woorthye Syr, our laſt houre is coom, too late to be mourned.
Wee were in old ſeaſon Troians, Troy cittye was, alſo
Thee Troian glory flooriſht: now Iuppiter hardned
Hath the ſtate of Troians ſubuerted wholye. The pertlyke
Greeks thee flamd citty with ruthleſſe victorye ranſack.
Theire ſteed hath vpvomited from gorge a ſurfet of armdmen.
Fals Sinon aduaunced, with fire, conſumeth al houſes,
And flouts vs kindly: thee gats ar cramd with an armye.
Such troups as neauer too citty Troian aneered.
Soom ſtop al od corners, no nouke, no paſſage vnarmed.
They brandiſh weapons ſharp edgde, to ſlaghter apoincted.
In firſt encounter thee watch to to weaklye reſiſted.
With woords of Panthus, and with Gods herried order
Kendled, I run forward too ruſh throgh thicket of armoure,
Wheare ſhouts vpclymbing moſt riſe, wheare is hert ſad Erynnis.
Theare leags as feloes Ripheus ſtrong, Iphitus hardy.
By moonſhyne roaming Hipanis, ſo ſyr Dymas eager
Flanck furth oure vauntgard: next cooms thee luſtye Chroræbus
Soon to Prince Mygdon, who then not lucklye repayred
Too Troy: with lyking of mad Caſſandra bewitched:
Soon to king Priamus by law: thus he lawfather helping,
His pheers wood prophecyes not at al the yooncker vnhappye
Herd.
This band of Troians thus ioynctly aſſembled, I framed
This ſpeeche: Stout gallants, braue youths, and coompanye manful,
Yf ye be determynd too ſinck in martial hazards,
Too lyms, to carcaſſe you ſee what fortun is offred.
Al things goa backward: thee Gods haue flatlye renounſt vs.

Oure ſtate that whillon preſerud: thee cittye to reſcue,
Cleene burnt, were fruictles: let vs hardlye be ſlaughtred in armour
Tamde men haue one ſaulfty, not in hoap to ſettil a ſaulftye.
Theeſe woords theyre valiant courradge dooe ſcarrifye deeply,
Lyke rauening woolfdams vpſoackt and gaunted in hunger,
That range in clowd ſhade: theyre whelps neere ſtarued ar eager
And expect vdders with dry iaws: ſo doe we iuſtle:
Wee keepe thee midpath with darckneſſe nightye beueyled
Lord, bye whoſe heunly vttraũce may that nights blood be recoũted?
Or match thee miſery with counteruaylabil howling?
The old towne fals to ruin, that ſummers ſundrye was empreſſe.
Thee ſtreets and kennels are with ſlayne carcaſes heaped:
Euery houſe, eech temple with ruful ſlaughter aboundeth.
And yeet thee Troians are not men vanquiſhed onlye:
Sparcks of an old courradge to the conquourd freſhlye be turning.
Thee Greekiſh victours not in eeche ſtroke ſhotfre remayned.
Loud was thee yelling, great fears and murther of al ſydes.
Of Greeks thee firſt man with a gallant coompanye garded
Fronted vs, Androgeos, for freends vs ſimplye beleeuing.
In gentil manner thus he ſoone diſcourſed, vnaſked.
Haſt forward feloes: what means this luſkiſh aproching?
Yon drawlach loytrers are ſcant from nauye repayring,
When your companions with ſpoyls of cittye be loaden.
Hee ſayd: eke on ſuddeyn (for he was not freendlye lik aunſwerd)
Hee ſpyed his perſon with Troian coompanye wheeled,
Thence dyd he ſhrinck backward, his woords al ſoftlye repreſſing.
Lyke when as a trauayler thee ſnake with brambel ycoouerd
Vnwytting ſquiſeth, with chaunce ſo ſudden amazed,
Speedelye whips backward from woorme, with poyſoned anger
Vpſweld. Androgeos lykwiſe moſt gaſtlye reculed.
Wee charge thee minions with round and compaſed armoure.
In ſtreets vnknowne they doe fal, with terror apaled.
Our firſt encounter by fortun lucklye was ayded.
This ſucceſſe cheering and fleaſhing luſtye Chorabus,
Thus ſpake he: Deere ſociats, ſyth we haue this proſperus onſet,
Now let vs on forward, as luck and deſtenye gydeth.
And let vs our targets exchange, and Greecian armour

Al clap

Al clap on oure bodyes, marching with Greecian ensigne.
Craft or doughtye manhod what nice wight in soa requyreth?
Thee Greeks shal furnish weapons. This spoken, an helmet
Of knight Androgeos glistring on pallet he pitcheth.
Hee took eke his target, then in hand his sawchon he griped.
Thee lyke dyd Ripheus, Dymas, and thee youthful assembly.
With new raght weapons eeche wight is newlye refreshed.
Too Greeks wee linckt vs, by Gods direction holpen.
In night shade darckness with fies wee skyrmished eftsoons,
And with hoat assalting too Limbo we plunged a number.
Soom run to vessels too strondward swiftlye retyring
Soom clymb theyre steeds womb, freight with perplexitye dastard,
Oh, Labor is fruictlesse, which Gods and destenye frustrat.
Loye; the wood virgin, with locks vnbroyded is haled
Cassandra, and trayled from temple of holye Minerua.
In vayn her eyes flamed too seat celestial heauing:
Her wrists eke tender with cord weare mannacled hardlye.
This sight foule freighted with woodful phrensye Chorœbus
Hee runs too rescu, lyk a bedlem desperat, headlong.
Wee the man hoat filoed, wee coapt with Greekish asemblye.
Now be we peale pelted from tops of barbican hautye
Maynelye with our owne men by stoans downe rouled among vs.
This dolye chaunce gald vs, with blood, with slaghter abounding,
For that thee townsmen knew not this chaffar of armoure.
Thee Greeks al furious, too see Cassandra recoouerd,
Dyd band too geather: but chief thee courraged Aiax
And both the Atridans, thee stout Deloponian armye.
Lyke wrastling meete winds with blast contrarius huzing,
East, weast and Southwynd, with pufroare mightelye ramping,
Hudge trees downe trample: theare with God Neptun awaked
Thee seas with chauffing and strecht mace merciles hoyseth.
Also such old enymyes: policy that former aslighted
And coucht in corners, with a vengaunce freshlye retyred,
And first discoouerd thee shields and treacherye feigned.
Our speech eke and gybbrish theyre guesh dyd fortefye soothlye.
Down cooms thee countrey: wheare first thee sturdye Chorœbus
By syr Penelew was slayne, neere consecrat altar

Of the Godesse Pallas: Riphews lyke villenye suffred.
A man too pietee, to iustice whoalye relying.
So Gods ordayned thee chaunce. Lo oure coompanye slaughtred
Both Dymas and Hypanis: nor thy deuotion holye
Could salue thee Panthus, nor crowne of blisfed Apollo.
You boans of Troians and houses flamed I wytnesse,
In this last byckring I shrunck no danger or hazard,
With Greeks encountring: and yf so fats had apoincted,
My fist deserued my deeath. From thence we be tumbled
Iphitus and Pelias iump with me. But Iphitus aged
Dragd, and eke Pelias sore maymd with wound of Vlisses.
To Priamus castel thee shout doth vs hastelye carrye:
Heere was hoat assaulting, as thogh no skyrmish had els wheare
Beene, ne yet a subiect Troian throgh cittye wear harmed.
Thus we se Mars furiouse, thus Greeks euery harbory scaling,
Up fretting the pilers, warding long wymbeled entryes.
They clinge thee scalinges too wals, and vnder a sowgard
They clymb, in lefthand, with shields, tools fellye rebating,
With righthands grapling thee tops of turret ar holden.
In valiant coombat thee Troians sturdye resisted.
They pashe thee pallets of Greeks, and rumble a muster
Of torne raz te turrets, and for defensibil armoure
Thee Greeks with rold stoans in last extremitye crußhed.
And ritch gylt rafters, thee badge, thee glorius ensigne
Of blood, thee Troians are straynd too scatter in hurling.
Soom bands of Troians with weapons naked in entryes
Ranck close too geather, thee Greeks most manlye repealing.
Wee with al encoraged weare sturd too fortefye castel
Of poore king Priamus, bringing fresh streingth to the vanquisht.
Theare stood an od corner from vulgar companye singled,
A posterne secret, to the castel Princelye belonging
Andromachee the woful that passage traced had often
Priuat, whilst Priamus kingdoom with saulf tye remayned,
Too graundsyre leading her yoong chield Astyanacta.
Too the typ of turrets I ran, wheare feeblye the Troians
Cleene tyrde, the assaultours with weak force vaynely repulsed.
Theare was a toure standing on a rock, that in altitud euened

Thee ſtars, too ſeming (whence al thee Troian aſemblye
Was woont thee Greek fleet to behold, and cuſtomed armye)
Wee that diſioynćted; from ſtoans thee tymber a ſunder
Wee tearde; thee ioynćturs vnknit, with an horribil hurring
Pat fals thee turret, thee Greeks with craſh ſwaſh yt heapeth.
Theyre rowme ſupply oothers; no kind of weapon is abſent,
Nor ſtoans, nor boans.
Theare ſtood ek al furiouſe with wrath dan Pyrrhus in entrye
With brandiſht weapons ruffling, in braßhaped armoure.
Much lyke the owtpeaking from weeds of poyſoned adder,
Whom nauil of boorrows in wynters ſeaſon hath harbourd.
His ſlougth vncaſing, hym ſelf now youthfulye bleacheth,
His tayle ſmoog thirling, ſlyke breaſt to Titan vpheauing.
With toonge three forcked furth ſpirts fyre freſhlye regendred.
Theare foght Syr Periphas, and coachman of old of Achilles
Automedon named, ſoomtyme that guided his horſes.
With theeſe ſtout captayns thee youth of Scyria marched,
They doe pres on forward, vp fire to the rafter is hurled.
In perſon Pyrrhus with faſt wroght twibbil in handling
Downe beats with pealing thee doors, and poſt metal heaueth,
Hudge beams hee bruſteth, ſtrong bars faſt ioynćted he renteth.
A broad gap yawning with theeſe great puſhes is opned,
Where with thee chambers ar playne diſcoouered inward.
Now Priamus parlours, with long antiquitye nobled,
Too the ſoa ſtand open, with large far gallerye ſtretched.
Stronglye the firſt entry thee Troians garded in armoure.
But the inner lodgins dyd ſhrille with clamorus howting,
Too ſkyes ſwift climbing was ſent thee terribil owtcrye.
Then ſhiuering moothers throgh court doo wander agaſted,
Thee poſts faſt colling, the pilers moſte hertelye buſſing.
With father his courradge his might dan Pyrrhus enhaunceth,
No man, no morter can his onſet forcibil hynder.
With rip rap bouncing thee ram to the chapter is hurled,
Poſtes al and parlours vp from foundation heauing.
Pyks make thee paſſadge: and top ſyd turnye be turned
Al thee Princelye thraſholds; thee Troians roundlye be murthred.
No place or od corners of Greekiſh ſouldor ar emptye.

Not

Not ſo great a ruffling the riuer ſtrong flaſhye reteyneth
Through the breach owt ſpurging, eke againſt bancks ſturdely ſhogging
It brayeth in ſnorting, throgh towns through countrye remouing
Both ſtabil and oxen. There I ſaw in boucherye bathed
Fyrye Neoptolemus, both breatherne lyncked Atridans.
And Hecuba old Princeſſe dyd I ſee, with number, an hundred
Law daughters: Priamus with blood defiled his own fyre,
That with his owne traueling too Gods hee ſetled on altars.
Fiftye nephew ſtriplings, and lemmans fiftye reteynd he.
Now thee ſtatelye pilers with gould of Barbaryè fretted
Are raz̄de. Wheare flaming dooth ceaſe, thear Greeks doe make hauock.
Happlye what eende Priamus dyd make, now wyl be requyred.
His foes old Priamus throgh court and cittye beholding
On ruſty ſhoulders ſloa clapt his vnuſual armoure,
And booteleſſe morglay to his ſydes hee belted vnhable.
His lif amydſt the enymyes with foyne too finniſh he myndeth.
In medil of the palaice to ſkyes broad al open an altar
Stood with greene laurel, throgh long antiquitye, ſhaded.
Now to this hold Hecuba, and her daughters mourneful aſembled
In vayne for ſuccoure gryping theyre myſtical idols.
Lyke dooues in tempeſt clinging faſt cloſlye to geather.
When ſhee ſhaw Priamus youthlyk ſurcharged in armoure
Shee ſayd: What madneſſe thee leads, vnfortunat huſband,
With theeſe mayls maſſiue to be clogd? Now whither I pray the?
Our ſtate eke and perſons may not thus weaklye be ſhielded.
No thogh my darling were preſent, courraged Hector.
Heere pitch thy fortreſſe: let truſt be repoſed in altar:
This ſhal vs al ſuccour, or wee wyl ioynctlye be murthred.
This ſayd; her old huſband in ſacred ſeat ſhe repoſed.
But ſe ye, from Pyrrhus ſcaping thee yoithlye Polytes,
Soon too king Priamus, through thruſting forcibil armoure
Ruſht by long entreys, thee paſſadge blooddye begoaring.
Hym quick dan Pyrrhus purſuing greedelye reatcheth.
With the puſh and poaking of launce hee perceth his entrayls.
In ſight of thee ſoarye parents hee fel to the groundward,
And liefe with the guſhing bloodſhed to the Gods he releaſed.
When that king Priamus dyd ſee this boucherye beaſtlye,

Thogh

Thogh that he were posting in fatal iourneye to deaths doore
Yeet this quick cholerick challenge hee could not abandon.
Now for this tyrany, thee Gods (so that equitye raigneth
And the loare of iustice) take, I pray theym, rightlye reuengment.
In father his presence with spightful villenye cancred,
Thee soon that murthrest, my sight with, bouchery staining.
Not so the right valeant (whose soon thwart feigned) Achilles
Was to his foa Priamus, but laws of martial armes
Tendring, dyd render too tumb thee carcas of Hector.
And me to my kingdoom both gently and truely returned.
The old man thus bawling, in streingth cleene weakned, here hurled
His dart at Pyrrhus from the armoure feeblye rebounding,
In bos of his target with flagging weaknes yt hangeth.
Whye then, quod Pyrrhus, thow shalt bee speedelye posted
Too coast infernal, thear let my exployts be reported.
My father aduertise, that I was ful truelye begotten,
Baselye Neoptolemus was borne, that carrye for errand.
This sayd, poore Priamus with force from the altar is haled,
And then syr Pyrrhus with left hand grapled his hoarelocks,
In the blud hym ducking of his owne soon, sellye Polytes.
His blad he with thrusting in his old dwynd carcas vphilted.
This was Prince Priamus last ende and desteny final,
Who saw thee Troians vanquisht, thee cittye repressed:
Empror of hudge Asia, earst ruling with dignitye regal,
In shoare nowe nameless dooth ly lyke a trunchon al headless.
This when I perceaued, with sensibil horror atached,
My father Anchises heere with do I cal to remembraunce,
Whilst I beheld Priamus thus gasping, my syre his adgemate,
I heare tekē in memory my wiefe left soalye Creüsa.
And my house dispoyled, then I thinck on my soon Iülus.
In this wise musing myn eye glannst to my coompanye sensine,
I doe spye no Troian, for soom tyerde, tumbled al headlong
Too ground, and diuerse were burnt with purposed offer.
Thus then I left naked, by vestaes temple abyding
False Helen, in lurcking manner close setled, I marcked.
Thee flaming brightnesse from sight dooth darcknes abandon.
This minion doubting thee Troians blooddye reuengment,

And alſo fearing thee Greekiſh fyrie requital,
Thee bane of vs Troians, of Greeks thee mak bate Erinnys,
Formd her in a corner ſneaking deteſted of altars.
With choler inflaming & reſt al reſtles in anger,
With the death of the lady to requit my countrye repreſſed.
To Mycen, or Spartans and ſhal ſhe be ſaulfly returned?
And after conqueſt as Queene with glorye to flooriſh?
Her father, her palaces ſhal ſhee ſe, her children, her huſband?
With the knot of Troian matrons to her ſeruice alotted?
Slayn lyes king Priamus: thee Troian cittye beſkorched.
Thee ſhoars of Dardan for her oft with bloodſhed abounded.
No ſuer, I may not ſuch an horribil iniurye cancel.
For to kil a woonman thogh no greate glorye be gleamed,
Thogh valor and al honoure from ſuche weake victorye flitteth,
Yeet to ſlea this fyrebrand, of al hurly burlye the foundreſſe,
Muſt bee commended. My mynd eke further is eaſed
Yf that of oure ſlaughters I ſhal bee partlye reuenged.
And as I thus muttred, with royſting phrenſye betraynted
My moother, the Godeſſe (who was accuſtomed algats
Eare this tyme preſent to be duſk) moſt brimlye dyd offer
Her ſelf to viſadge, thee night with brightnes anoyding.
Eeune lyk as her deitee to the Saincts dooth luſter in heunbliſſe.
Shee claſpt my right hand, her ſweet roſe parlye thus adding.
Soon to what od purpoſe thus meane ye to ruffle in anger?
What maks you furious? wyl you care charye relinquiſh
Of mee youre moother? Too poſt with ſpeedines hoamward
Too father Anchiſes were beſt: yf ſeallye Creüſa
Or the lad Aſcanius from murther ſaulfye be breathing.
Theym Greeks aſſalting had kild, or turned in aſhes
Had not my deitee theyre ſtreingth ouer highlye reſiſted.
Not thee Greekiſh Helen (whoſe ſight thy paſſion angrye
Enkendleth) not fautye Paris this cittye repreſſeth.
This ruin ordeyned thee Gods and deſtenye froward.
Looke (for & thee moyſture whear with, now mortal, is hyndred
Thy ſight, doo banniſh, thee darckneſſe clowdye remooving.
See, that you doe folow youre moothers deſtinat order,
What ſhe the commaundeth to obſerue, preciſelye remember)

Heere

Heere loa, whear heaps hudgy thow seest disioyncted a sunder
And stoans dismembred from stoans, smooke foggye bedusted,
Thee wals God Neptune, with mace threeforcked, vphurleth,
And cleene their ioyncturs from deepe foundation heaueth.
And the Godesse Iuno ful fraight with pooysoned enuye
Thee gates strong warding, furth from the nauye the Greek foas
Dooth whoup, streight belted with steele.
In tops of turrets see wheare Tritonia Pallas
Is set, thee Troians killing with Gorgon his eyesight.
Thee father of deitee thee Greeks dooth mightelye courradge:
Through his procurement thee Gods thee cittye dishable.
Flee, fle, my sweet darling, let toyls bee finnished hastly.
Thow shalt bee shielded with my protection alway.
I wil not fayle thee to tyme thow saulflye be setled.
This sayd, with darck soom night shade quite clowdye she vanisht.
Grislye faces frouncing, eke agaynst Troy leaged in hatred
Of Saincts soure deitees dyd I see.
Then dyd I marck playnely thee castel of Ilion vplayd,
And Troian buyldings quit topsy turuye remooued.
Much lyk on a mountayn thee tree dry wythered oaken
Sliest by the clowne Coridon rusticks with twibbil, or hatchet.
Then the tre deepe minced, far chopt dooth terrifye swinckers,
With menacing becking thee branches palsye beforetyme,
Vntil with sowghing yt grunts, as wounded in hacking.
Al leingth with rounsefal, from stock vntruncked, yt harsheth.
With Gods assistaunce downe from thee turret I lighted,
Mye tools make passadge through flame and hostilitye Greekish.
Too father Anchises old house thus saulflye retyred,
Foorth with I dyd purpose from thence too desolat hiltops
My syre too carry, but as I this matter had vttred,
Too liue now longer, Troy burnt, hee flatlye reneaged;
Or to dwel as bannisht. But, he sayd, you lustye iuuentus
In yeers and carcasse prime, quick and liuelye remayning
Flee you.
If Gods omnipotent my lief too linger had ordred
They would theese lodgings haue fenst. Sufficeth yt also
That Troians misery dyd I liue too testifye mournful.

Good ſyrs, bee packing, let my corps heere be repoſed.
My fiſt ſhal purchaſe my death, my ſoa mercye wyl offer
For thee bootye fiſhing. Of graue to be voyded is harmeleſſe.
Long my liefe I pampred, too Gods celeſtial yrkſoom,
Syth king of mankind, father of diuinitye total,
With thundring lightnings, my carcaſſe ſtronglye beblaſted.
Theeſe woords expreſſing in one heaſt hee ſtieflye remayned
Round fel I too weeping, with my ſpouſe ſoarye Creüſa,
With my ſoon Aſcanius, with al eke thee ſorroful houſhold.
Hym we al deſyred too tame this deſperat owtrage,
Oure final ſlaghter not with ſuch follye to purchaſe.
Hee reſted wylful lyk a wayward obſtinat oldgrey.
I then alarm ſhouted, too dy dyd I verelye purpoſe,
For now what counſayl, what courſe may rightlye be taken?
What? father Anchiſes, hold you my duitye ſo ſclender,
Too ſlip from Troy towne, and heere you ſoole to relinquiſh?
From the fathers ſermons ſhal ſuch fond patcherye flicker?
If Gods eternal thee laſt diſſeuered offal
Of Troy determyn too burne, yf you father alſo
Youre ſelf too murther, too roote youre progenye purpoſe,
Catch that catch may be, thee ſtreet gate to ſlaghter is open.
From killing Priamus, dan Pyrrhus ſhortlye wyl hither,
Thee ſoon faſt bye the ſyre; thee ſyre that murthred at altars.
Waſ'd for this (moother) that mee throgh danger vnharmed
You led, now my enymyes to behold too riffle in hous ſeat?
And my ſoon Aſcanius, my ſyre, my ſeallye Creuſa
For to ſe deepe bathed, groueling in bloods of eche oother?
Nay then I beeſhrew mee: make ye haſt ſyrs: bring me myn armoure.
Now for a laſt farewel do I take me to Greekiſh aſembly.
Soom Greeks ſhal find yt bitter, before al we be ſlaghtred.
I girt my weapons to my ſyde, my tergat I ſetled
On lift hand ſo ruſhing to the ſtreets I poſted in anger.
But my feete embracing my pheere me in the entrye reteyned.
Too father owtraging thee ſoon ſhee tendred Iulus.
If to dye you purpoſe, take vs alſo in coompanye with you.
If through experience ſoom truſt ye doe ſettel in armoure
First gard this dwelling, wheare reſts thee childiſh Iulus,

Wheare

Wheare father is ſeated, where youre ſpouſe named, is har bourd.
Theeſe woords owt ſhowting, with her howling the houſe ſhe repleē-
But look, on a ſuddeyn what chaunce moſt woonderus hapned (niſht
Tweene father and moother thee yong boy ſetled Julus,
A certeyn lightning on his headtop gliſtered harmeleſſe.
His criſp locks frizeling, his temples prittelye ſtroaking.
Heer with al in trembling with ſpeede wee ruffled his hearebuſh,
With water attempting thee flame too mortifye ſacred.
But father Anchiſes, mounting his ſight to the ſkyward,
Both the hands vplifting, hertly thus his oriſon vttred.
Iuppiter omnipotent (yf that prayer annye the bendeth)
Vs pitye, thy ſeruaunts, yf eke oght our godlines aſketh,
Graunt (father) aſſiſtaunce this mirracle happye to ſtabliſh.
Scant had he this finniſht, when that, with ſudden, a thundring
In the ſkye dydrumble, foorth with theire flamed a blazing
Star, ſtreams owt ſhooting, yeelding of cleerenes abundaunce.
Wee noted yt glyding from tops of manſion houſeplace.
Laſtlye the ſtar ſincking in woods wyde of Ida was hydden,
Right the waye furth poincting. Thee wood with brightnes apeereth.
Eech path was fulſoom with ſent of ſulphurus or̄yn.
My father heere conquerd, hymſelf vp luſtelye lifted.
With the Godhead parling, he the ſtar crinital adoreth.
Now, quod he, no lingring, let vs hence, I am preſt to be packing.
Saulſe my prittye nephew, you Gods of countrye, my linnadge.
You do manadge Troytowne; this is eke your proſperus omen.
Now, my ſoon, on forward, thy ſyre is preſt haſtlye to track thee.
Thus ſayd he. Thee flaming to the townewals more nere aproched,
And the flaſh of burning with ſkorching ſpeedines haſted.
Wel father in Gods name, mount on my ſhoulder, I pray you.
This labor is pleaſaunt, to me t'ys not payneful or yrckſoom.
What luck ſhal betyde vs, wee wyl be in deſtenye partners,
Or good hap, or froward: and let my young lad Julus
Next be my companion, my wief may ſoftlye pace after.
Syrs, you thee ſeruaunts, ſlack not my woords to remember.
A tumb to Troytowne and mouldy tempil aneereth
Vowd to the godlye Ceres, a ciper by the churche ſeat abydeth
By our old progeniotours long tyme deuoutlye regarded.

From diuerse corners to that hewt wee wyl make asemblye.
Gripe, father, oure country deitees; se ye warelye keepe theym.
For sith I with byckrings embrewd so blooddye my fingers,
I may not, I dare not pollute Gods heaunlye, with handling,
Vntil I with fountayn mee wash.
When that I theese speeches deliuered, I twisted a wallet
On my broad shoulders, my nape dyd I settle eke vnder,
With lion his yellow darck skyn my carcase I cased.
My father on shouldeers I set, my yoong lad Iülus
I lead with righthand, tripping with pit pat vnequal,
My wiefe cooms after, through crosse blynd allye we iumble.
And I that in forenight was with no weapon agasted,
And litel esteemed thee swarms of Greekish asemblye
Now shiuer at shaddows, eeche pipling puf doth amaze me.
For yong companion, for bedred burden abashed.
Danger al escaping to the gats I saulflye repayred.
Yeet not with standing a trampling sudden of hoatfoot
Soldours vs chased, to my thincking; my father also
Casting eye backward cryed owt, soon flee, they doe track vs.
I doe se theyre brandisht tergats, and braßhapen harneise.
Now was I from policy fore cast with terror amooued,
For whilst I wandred through streets and passages vncooth,
My wief departed, my coomfort hertye Creüsa.
Yf death her had goared, she behynd yf weerye remayned,
Or strayed in foloing, I knew not truelye: but after
Vnseene shee rested, nor backward skewd I myn eyesight,
In graue of holye Ceres tyl that my burden I lighted.
For shee was mißing, when al our good coompanye clustred.
With soon, with famely, with mee shee kept not apoinctment.
Too Gods, too creaturs I belcht owt blasphemye bawling.
For to me what mischief could chaunce in cittye more hurtful.
My father Anchises, my chield I took to my seruaunts,
And Gods of Troians were coucht in custodye secret.
I to the towne turned close clad with burnished armoure,
I was determind fully, too ventur al hazards,
Al Troy too trauerse, too suffer danger al hapning.
First dyd I coom backward to the wals, from whence I remooued,

Too

Too the gat ſ poſted by night, and carefulye dogging
Thee way with light flams, eeche crooked corner I ranſackt.
Both with nightye ſilence was I quayld and greatlye with horror.
Thence dyd I trudge hoamward, too learne yf ſhe haplye returned.
But theare weare the enymyes with thronging cluſter aſembled.
Thee fyre heer on fretting with blaze too rafter is heaued.
Thee flams ſurmounting tenements doo whize to the ſkyward.
I ran too Priamus razd court, at caſtel ſ gazed,
ſn cels and temple, that of old too Iuno was apted.
As keeper Phœnix was made, with ruthles Ulisſes
Of booty and pillage. Theere Troian treaſur is hurded,
That flames eſcaped, thear ſtood the rich halloed altars.
Theare maſſiue gould cups bee layd, theare wardrob abundant
Of roabs moſt pretiouſe, thear ar eke yoong children in order
With cold hert moothers, ſor Greekiſh victorye quaking,
Setled on al ſydes.
I ſtoutly emboldned with night ſhade rayſed an howting,
With mournful belling I namde expreſlye, Creüſa.
In vayne with ſobbing was oft that od eccho repeated.
In this guiſe frantyck as I ran throgh cittye with howling
I noted on ſuddeyn the goaſt of verye Creüſa,
And her woonted image, to me knowne, mad her elfiſh aparance.
Heere with I was daunted, my hear ſtard, and ſpeechles I ſtutted.
Then to me thus ſpeaking, my carck in ſearch ſhe remooued.
This labor, ô huſband, too no great purpoſe auayleth,
For this hap is chaunced bye the Gods prefixed apoinctment.
Hence yt is vnlawful with you too carrye Creüſa.
That trauayl is ſhortned by the king of ſacred Olympus.
Thow muſt with ſurges bee bangd and pilgrimage yrckſoom.
In land Heſperian thow ſhalt bee ſaulflye receaued,
Wheare glydes throgh cornefilds, with ſtreaming ſecrecye, Tybris.
Theare doe lye great kingdooms, and Queene moſt Princelye beſpoken
For the, mye kind huſband for mee grief therefor abandon.
Now me the Myrmidones for captiue priſoner hold not,
Nor ſterne ſnuff Dolopans, and Greekiſh matron I ſerue not,
Of Venus in wedlock thee daughter.
Of Gods thee moother me in this my countrye reteyneth.

Fare

Fare ye wel, ô husband, oure yoong babye charely tender.
This sayd, shee vanniſht, and thogh that I sadlye requyred,
Too confer further, yeet shee too tarrye renounced.
Thryce dyd I theare coonet, to col, to clasp her in armes.
Thryce then thee spirit my catching swiftlye refused.
Much lyk to a pufwynd, or nap that vanniſhed haſtlye.
Thee twylight twinckled. furth I to my coompanye posted.
Whear soone I perceiued with woonder a multitud hudgye.
Of men with woomen too this layre newlye repayred.
Thee yoonger Troians, thee meaner wretched asemblye
Round to me dyd cluſter, with purse and person abyding
Preſt, throgh surgye waters with mee too seek ther auenturs.
Lucifer owtpeaking in tips of mounted hil Ida
On draws thee dawning. Thee Greeks with custodye watchful,
Warded thee towngats, hoap here of no succor abydeth.
I shrunck, and my father to the crowne of mounten I lifted.

Finis libri secundi.

THEE

THEE THIRD BOOKE OF VIRGIL HIS ÆNEIS.

WHen giltlesse Asian kingdoom sterne destenye quaßhed,
With Priamus country when squysd was the Ilian empyre,
When Troy was razed, quight from foundation hoysed:
Furth to run exiled, too seeke soom forren auentures,
By Gods we are warned. Wee rigd our nauye flat vnder
Haut hil of Antander, not far from mounten of Ida.
Then we wer vncerteyn too what saulf soyle to betake vs.
Men to vs thick crouded: scant was prime summer aproched,
When father Anchises to the seas thee coompanye charged.
I, salt tears shedding, my natiue countrye relinquisht,
Thee roads and platfourms where Troy stood: sad to the seaward
With my companions and with my yoong son Iülus
With Gods, mightye patrons, my course and passage I bended.
A large wyld region theare stands, Mauortia cleaped,
Thracia sum terme yt: theare raignd thee bluddye Lycurgus:
Thee Troian leage seat, with fastned freendship abyding
Whilst fortune floated. With crosse blast thither I sayled,
On shore eke I founded townewals, by destenye luckless:
Of my name, Æneidans dwellers, theare setled, I named.
Too Venus and the sacred remnaunt of thee holye triumphaunts
I framd a sacrifice, the begun wurck lucklye toe prosper,
And toe Ioue omnipotent a bul neere seaside I slaughtred.
A tumb theare rested by chaunce close shaded al vpward
With twigs thick crumpled, with myrtel mossye thear edging.
I drew neere, mynding too roote fro cel earthye the thicket,
With thee slips greenish too deck thee new shaped altars.
I viewd with wundring a grisly monsterus hazard.
For the tre supplanted, that first fro the roote seat is haled,
With drop drop trilling of swart blud filtred abundance.

Thee ground black ſteyning: then furth with a quiueriſh horror
My ioynts child ranſackt, my blud with terror apaling.
At the ſecund pulling, when an oother wicker is vp pluckt.
Thearbye the whole matter furth with more deepelye to ferret,
From that ſtub lykewiſe foorth ſpirt drops bluddelye ſtilling.
With this hap entangled, thee ſweete Nymphs rural & woorſhipt,
And God Mars the Regent of that ſoyle crabbed adoring,
Too turne too goodneſſe this ſight and merciles omen.
But when I thee third tyme with grype more fiercelye dyd offer,
Ny knees faſt pitching on ſands, too pluck vp an oother:
(What? ſhal I chat further? from ſpeeche ſhal ſecrecye bar mee?)
From pits deepe bottoom dooth ſkritche a woonderus howling,
With playnts moſt pitiful to oure ears thus ſadlye rebounding.
Woorthye ſyr Æneas, why with this boutcherye teare you
A caytiefe forlorne? Extend your mercye to dead folck.
Foule not your ſacred hands: you rack no forrener owtcaſt,
Tou rent a Troian: theeſe drops from ſhrubs doe not iſſue.
Oh, flee this Canibal country, this coouetus Iſland.
I am namd ſyr Polydor: with darts fel nayled heer vnder
& lodge: which thicket thus growne me terriblye ſtingeth.
I ſtud al aſtonyed, my hear ſtarde, and ſpeechles & reſted.
This Polydor whillon with pure gould mightelye loaden,
Preeuelye by Priamus, thee Troian rector vnhappye,
Too king Treicius was ſent, to be charelye noozeld.
But when this gardein perceu'd the aduerſitye Troian,
And that theyre citty thee Grecian armye beſieged,
Hee leaues thee conquourd, and clingd to the partye triumphant.
Al truſt fowlye breaking, thee poore Polydorus is headleſſe
Through wycked murther, thee gould thee traytor vp hurdeth.
What feat or endeuours of gould thow conſecrat hungar
Mens mynds conſtrainſt not with wyels or vertue to coompaſſe.
When that & tooke courradge, when pangs al feareful I banniſht,
I told thee chiefteyns, and namelye mye good father adged
This ſtrange aduenture, theyre iudgements alſo requyring.
Swiftlye they determind too flee from a countrye ſo wycked,
Paltocks & nne leauing, too wrinche thee nauye too ſouthward.
For polydor wee framd an obit: wee tumbled in heap wiſe

Of ſtoans a cluſter, with black weede the altar is hanged,
With tree ſwartye Cipers: Troy dames with cuſtomed vſadge
Trol round, downe tracing with theyre diſcheaueled hearlocks.
Wee pourd mylck luke warme ſwaming, and blud ſacred after.
With mayne noiſe lifted to the ſlayne ſoule laſtlye we ſhouted.
When ſoft gale ſootherne and calme ſeas ſaulftye dyd offer,
My mates lancht forward theyre fleete, from ſhoare we be glyding.
Thee roads, thee countrey, thee towns fro oure nauye be gadding.
In the myd of the ſearowme theare ſtands a plentiful Iſland
Too thee dame of myrmayds, too Neptune Princelye relying.
This was roundlye bayed (for ſo the Ioue heunlye dyd order)
With Mycone, and eke with Giarus, two famoſed Iſlands.
Theare reſting habitants no wynd flaws ſtormye regarded.
Too this Ile I ſayled, wee ſaulftye dyd harbor in hauen.
When we were al landed, we the cittye of Phœbus adored.
King Anius, king of the habitants, and prieſt of Apollo,
Crowned with freſh garland, with laurels conſecrat headband,
Glad met vs, alſo knowing Anchiſes adged, his old freend.
Theare we ſhake hands kyndly, foorth with we are ſetled in hoſtrye.
In the old buylt tempil thus thee God Phœbus I woorſhipt.
Soom bye place of reſting graunt vs, moſt ſacred Apollo,
Yeeld wals too vs wery, ſoom ſtock, ſoom towne for abyding,
Saulue the ſecund Troy towne, thee ſcraaps of wrathful Achilles,
Of Greeks thee rellicks; by what king ſhal we be ruled?
What man is oure captayne? Too what ſoyle worldlye to iourney,
Thow dooſt commaund vs? where ſhal we be laſtlye repoſed?
Shew father a prophecy; poure downe thye good oracle heunly.
Scant had I thus ſpoken, when ſeats al quinered about vs.
Thee doors, thee laurel, thee mount with terribil earth quake
Doo totter ſhiuering, with rumbling mutterus eccho.
Then to vs ſquat groueling in this wiſe the oracle aunſwerd.
You brawnd hard Troians, what ſoyle youre auncetrye ſeiſed
Firſt of al old countreys, to the ſame you ſhal be reduced.
Track owt youre moother, whom long antiquytye graunted.
With ſeed of Æneas ſhal coompaſſe earthlye be ruled.
His ſoons ſoons and ſoons from theire braue progenye ſpringing.
Thus God Apollo cryed: but wee with an vniſon owtcrye,

And with iollye tumult, where ſhould that cittye be ſetled
Streight ways demaunded, what place God Phœbus apoincted,
My father Anchiſes vp al old antiqnitye ripping,
Heare me, quod hee, lordinges, lerne the expectation hoaped.
Thee Creet Ile in mydſeas dooth ſtand too Iuppiter hallowd:
Theare mount Ide reſteth, thee ſpringe of progenye Troian.
A fruictful kingdoam, with towns in number an hundred.
Hence our progenitour (ſo I fayle not in hiſtorye told mee)
Surnamed Teucrus firſt came too Rhetean Iſland.
Theare picht he his kingdoom, for then Troy cittye was vnbuylt,
And caſtels ſtood not, the habitans in vallye remayned.
Theare dwelt dame Cybele in forreſt of deſolat Ida.
And moonewiſe Coribants on braſſe their od harmonye tinckling.
Thence cooms truſtye ſilence vſd in ſollemnitye ſacred.
And two ſtately lyons this fine dams gilt wagon haled.
Wiſely let vs theareſor too Gods direction harcken:
Let wynds bee ſwadged foorth with, too Candye be packing.
Short is thee paſſadge (ſo that oure God Iuppiter help vs)
In three days ſayling wee ſhal too Candye be puffed.
This diſcourſe eended, too the altars holye returning,
A Bul too Neptune, wyth a bul too golden Apollo,
Hee lykewiſe ſlaughtred too roaring wynter a blackbeaſt,
But to the ſweet weſt wynd a beſt whit lillye was offred.
Theare fleeth a rumoure, that king of Candye relinquiſht
His ſeat, that the Iſland is left vnfurniſhed holye.
Wee left Ortigian countrey, with nauye we paſſed
By mounts of Nazon too ſkincking Bacchus alotted.
From thence wee trauayled to the greenedeckt gaylye Donyſa:
To Oleoron, too lillye Paron, to the Cyclades alſo
Diſperſd and ſcatterd, and neere creeks ſundrye we ſayled.
Thee thickſkyn mariners ſhouted with ſudden agreement.
My maats aſſented to bend too Candye the paſſadge.
Thee wynd puft forward with ſweete gale freelye the nauye:
At leingth by ſayling on land of Candye we lighted.
Firſt then at oure landing towne wals I ther haſtelye founded.
Pergamea I cald yt, that name they gladlye receaued.
By me they were counſayld too buyld vp ſumptuus houſes.

Alſo

Also bye this season too docks oure nauye was haled.
Thee youth too wedlock and tylladge thriftelye clustred.
Both laws and tenements I framd. But streight on a suddein
A plagye boch ranged, with foule contagion ayrye
Both bodyes festring and fruict trees plentiful harming.
A yeere too dismal. For sweete lief swiftlye was eended,
Thee fields cleene fruictlesse thee dogstar Sirius heated.
Thee flours wax withred, thee soyle fruicts plentye renegeth.
My father exhorted too turne too sacred Apollo,
For toe craue our pardon, when should this iournye be finnisht,
Or trauail expyred, by what means might we be furthred.
Thee night his mantel dooth spred: with slumber is holden
Eche liuing creature, then my holye domestical housgods,
In last nights fyrebroyls, that from Troy skorched I saulued,
In glistred shyning in a dreame toe me made thear aparaunce.
Inmp at thee wyndoors, where moonshyne brimlye dyd enter.
Thus to me they parled, shredding of sorroful anguish.
Syr, to ye what soothsay to record dooth purpose Apollo;
Heere that he dischargeth: we be sent too signify his errand
Wee skapte from Troybrands bye thye courradge manfulye shielded
And bye thye good guiding through seaplash stormye we marched.
Wee thee same pilgrims wyl yeeld to thye progenye glorye,
And rule too citty. Let townewals mightye be raised
Streight by the for mighty persons: let no reason hold thee
From flight: this countrey must bee forsaken: Apollo
Ment not, in his prophecy, thy course too Candye to further.
Theare stands a region, by Greeks yt is Hesperye named,
A stout old countrey, with plenty fertil abounding.
Theare dwelt th' Ænotrians, but now by the coompanye yonger
Of thee first captayn valiaunt, yt is Italye termed:
Oure seat thear resteth: theare borne was Dardanus adged,
And father Iasius: from whence oure auncetrye sprouted.
Wherefor in al gladnesse to thyne old sire certifye tydings:
Skud to soyl Italian, from Candye the Iuppiter haleth.
With theese Gods gingling, with sight moste geason apaled,
(For to mye ful seeming with slumber I was not atached
I knew theire tucktlocks, I knew theire phisnomye present

A cold ſweat ſaltiſh through my ioynctes fiercely dyd enter)
From my bed I ſtarted: to the ſky with meeknes I lifted
My hands deuoutlye praying, then too my fortunat houſgods
7 framd a ſacrifice: next with ioy tickled I poſted
Too my ſyre Anchiſes: and told thee matter in order.
Hee noted his ſtumbling to haue coom from the auncetrye doubtful,
And dubil acceptaunce of ſyers to haue foſtred his erroure.
O my ſon Æneas, with Troian deſtenye toughned,
Thee ſelf ſame prophecy too mee Caſſandra recited:
Now cal I too memory that ſhee this countrye remembred,
Often at Heſperian regions, and Italye glauncing.
But to ſoyl Heſperian that Troymen ſhould be remooued,
What wight coniecturde? who would Caſſandra then harcken?
Accept wee therefor this courſe, and credit Apollo.
Thus ſayd: we aſſented to his lore with cheereful obeyſaunce.
Wee leaue Creete country; and our ſayls vnwrapped vphoyſing,
With woodden veſſel thee rough ſeas deepelye we furrowe.
When we fro land harbours too mayne ſeas gyddye dyd enter
Voyded of al coaſt ſight with wild fluds roundlye bebayed,
A watrye clowd gloomming, ful abooue mee clampred, apeered,
A ſharp ſtorme menacing, from ſight beams ſoonnye reiecting:
Thee flaws with rumbling, thee wrought fluds angrye doe iumble:
Vp ſwel thee ſurges, in chauffe ſea plaßhye we tumble:
With the rayn, is daylight through darckneſſe moyſtye bewrapped,
And thundring lightbolts from torneclowds fyrye be flaßhing.
Wee doe mis oure paſſadge through fel fluds boyſterus erring,
Oure pilot eke, Palinure, through dymneſſe clowdye beduſked
In poinctes of coompaſſe dooth ſtray with palpabil erroure.
Three dayes in darckneſſe from bright beams ſoonny repealed,
And three nigths parted from lightning ſtarrye we wandred.
Thee fourth day foloing thee ſhoare, neere ſetled, apeered
And hils vppeaking; and ſmoak ſwift ſteamd to the ſkyward.
Oure ſayls are ſtrucken, we roa furth with ſpeedines haſtye,
And the ſea by our mariners with the oars cleene canted is harrowd.
On ſhoars of Strophades from ſtorme eſcaped 7 landed,
For thoſe plats Strophades in languadge Greekiſh ar highted,
With the ſea coucht Iſlands. Where foule bird foggye Celæno

And

And Harpy is neſtled: ſence franckling Phines his houſroume
From theym was ſunderd, and fragments plentye remooued.
No plage more perilous, no monſter griſlye more ouglye,
No ſtigian vengaunce lyke too theeſe carmoran haggards.
Theeſe fouls lyke maydens are pynde with phiſnomye paliſh;
With ramd cramd garbadge, theire gorges draftye be gulled,
With tallants prowling, theire face wan withred in hunger,
With famin vpſoaken.
When tward theeſe Iſlands oure ſhips wee ſetled in hauen,
Neere, we viewd, graſing heards of bigge franckye fat oxen,
And goats eke cropping careleſſe, not garded of heerdman.
Wee ruſht with weapons, parte of thee bootye we lotted
Firſt to Ioue. On banck ſyds our ſelues with food we repoſed.
But loa with a ſuddeyn fluſhing thee gulligut harpeys
From mountayns flutter, with gagling whirlerye flapping
Theyr wings: furth the viand fro tabils al greedelye ſnatching,
With fulſoom ſauour, with ſtincking poyſoned ordure
Thee ground they ſmeared, theartoo ſkriches harſhye reioyning.
Then we ſet al the tabils, and fyrde oure myſtical altars
Under a rock arched, with trees thick coouered ouer.
At the ſecund ſitting from parcels ſundrye repayred
This coouiranenouſe, and ſwift with a deſperat onſet,
They gripte in tallants the meat and furth ſpourged a ſtincking
Foule carrayne ſauoure: then I wild thee coompanye preſent,
Too take theire weapons, and fight with miſcheuus howlets.
My wyl at a beckning is doon, they doe run to ther armoure
In graſſe theyre flachets, and tergats warelye pitching.
But when at a thurd flight theeſe fowls to the coompanye neered,
With ſhril braſſe trumpet Miſenus ſowned alarum.
Oure men marcht forward, and fierce gaue a martial vncoth
Charge, theeſe ſtrange vulturs with ſkirmiſh bluddye to mayſter.
But ſtrokes theire feathers pearſd not, nor carcaſes harmed:
And toe ſkye they ſoared, thee victals clammye behynd theym,
They do leaue haulf mangled with ſent vnſauerye bepoudred.
On the typ of rockiſh turret ſtood gaſtlye Celæno
Vnlucky propheteſſe; and thus ſhe recounted her errand.
And now Syr Troians, wyl you for ſlaughter of oxen

And for al our owne good wage war with ſellye poore harpeys?
And vs from kingdoom banniſh? Then take me this errand:
And what I ſhal prophecy with tentiue liſtenes harcken,
What Ioue too Phœbus, too me alſo what vttred Apollo.
I the chiefe hel fyrebrand of fel furye miſcheuus holden
Wyl now diſcouer thee ſelf ſame myſterye told mee.
Italye you long for, to the land eke of Italye ſaulflye
You ſhal bee guided with winds, and ſetled in hauen.
Yeet not withſtanding ere conquerd cittye be rampyrde,
For this youre treſpas you ſhal be ſo gaunted in hunger,
That youre ſmeary tabils you wyl moſt greedelye ſwallow.
Thus ſhe ſayd: and forward to the wood ſhee flickered haſtlye.
At this hap oure feloes with feareful phantaſye daunted,
Stood ſtil al aſtonied with cold blud, lyke gelu, quiuering.
They doe quayl in courradge, and with no martial armoure,
But by ther holye prayers they doe practiſe peaceful atoanement.
If godeſſe, yf byrds ſtincking, or bugs they reſembled.
But father Anchiſes his palms from ſtrond plat inhauncing
On Gods heunlye cryeth, to ther heſt with duitye relying:
Gods, quod he, this meſſadge turne you to a proſperus omen.
Cancel theeſe menacing ſoothings, thee godlye reſeruing.
Thus ſayd: ſwift we weyed the anchors, and ſayles vphoyſed,
With northen bluſter through ſome ſeas ſpeedelye flitting,
As the gale and the pilot with ſteering ſkylful vs haleth.
In midil of the ſea deepe wee ſaw thee wooddye Zacynthos,
Dulichium, Samee, with cragged Neritos hard ſtond.
Wee fle the rocks of Ithack, and coaſt of Princelye Laërtes,
Alſo we the byrth place deteſt of flinted Vliſſes.
Thee mount Leucates with thick clowds gloommye bedawbed
Vp peaks to the viewing, with feareful poinct of Apollo.
Theare we were enſhoared quight tyrde, and on to the borrough
As we gad, oure veſſels vpdrawne are grapled at anchor.
Theare we being landed ſaulfly through fortun vnhoaped,
Too Ioue wee ſacrifice, ſundry hoſtes are flamed on altars,
And Troian paſtymes wee practiſe in Actean Iſland.
Soom feloes naked with larding ſmearye bebaſted,
With wraſtling gambalds for price, for mayſtrye doe ſtruggle

Myrrye

Myrrye for eſcaping thee towns and Grecian hamlets,
Through theire deadly foes theire paſſage luckye recounting:
Thee whilſt fayre Phœbus thee yeers courſe roundlye renolued,
And ſeas, with north blaſt and wynter froſtye, beroughned:
A braſen hudge tergat, that Abans erſt fenced in armoure,
On poſt I nayled, thee clingde ſhield this poſye beareth.
This Signe AEneas From Grekiſh Conqueror Haled.
I gaue commaundment fro the port to the ſhips to be packing.
My maats ſkum the ſea froth there in oars ſtrong cherelye dipping.
Thee Pheacan turrets foorth with from ſight we relinquiſh.
Wee coaſt Epëirus, thence wee touche Chaon his hauen.
And to the great burrough of Butthrot ſtatelye we ſkudded.
Heere, loa, throgh oure hyring a report incredibil, vncoth,
Glides, that Prince Helenus, by Troian lineal oſſpring
Soon too king Priamus, this Greekiſh countrye reteyneth.
Thee pheere poſſeſſing and crowne of Pyrrhus his empyre,
Alſo that Andromachee dooth bed with a countrye man huſband.
Theeſe newes mee maZing, my mynd was greedelye whetned,
Too parle with the Regent, too lerne this meruelus hapning.
I ſtept from the hauen, leauing my nauye behynd mee.
Happelye that ſeaſon ſoom banckets coſtlye, with oother
Lamenting preſents (in ſhade to the cittye reioyning
Neere water of Simois both deepely and warelye ſliding)
Andromachee framed to the duſt, on tumbeke of Hector
Calling with burial yelling, that al emptye remayned:
With greene turf circled; from thence right on ſhe repayred,
For cauſe of further mourning, too conſecrat altars.
When ſhe dyd eſpy mee poſting, and Troiecal armoure
Too too gyddye viewd, with vnordinat extaſis hamperd,
Downe ſhe fel on ſuddeyn, thee cold too carcas aprocheth:
Shee ſowns, and after long panſing thus ſhe ſayd elſtyke.
Is thye true playne viſadge with tru ſhape natural offred?
Imp of a ſtatelye Godeſſe bringſt thou to me verelye tydings?
Art thow yeet liuing? or the yf light worldlye relinquiſht,
Tel me where is my hnſband, my ſweeting delicat Hector?
Thus ſayd: al in blubbring ſhee floath, with clamorus howling
Thee place ſhee tinckled: but I through pangs vncoth vnhabled,

With ſtutting ſtamering at leingth thus fumbled an aunſwer.
I doe liue, I aſſure thee, thogh dangers ſundrye me taynted,
Doubt ye not, a changling ye ſe none.
Lord what good fortune thee lack of priſtinat huſband
Hath toe thye contentment with new match luckye releeued?
Poſſeſſeth Pyrrhus thee ſpouſe of famoſed Hector?
Downe ſhe ſmote her viſadge, to me thus ful ſmoothlye replying.
ô Priamus daughter, thee virgin Princelye, thriſe happye
Thow that by thye foes neere Troy walls ſlaughtered haſt beene.
By this hap eſcaping thee filth of lottarye cærnal.
Too couche not mounting of mayſter vanquiſher hoat ſpur.
But we, by croſſe paſſadge from flamed countrye remoued,
Thee pryde of a ſtripling and ymp of wrathful Achilles
Haue borne with thraldoom, with ſharp captiuitye fetterd,
Hee to fyne Hermionee, for Greeks a bootye to peereleſſe,
Daughter too Queene Helen, faſt and hoat phantaſye bended.
Me his nyefe to his ſeruaunt Helenus ful firmelye betroathed.
But yeet vnexſpected with ialoſye kendled Oreſtes
For los of his beadmate, dyd take too tardye my mayſter,
Hym by his ſyers altars killing with ſkarboro warning.
When fro Neoptolemus thee vital ſpirit abated
This part was to Helenus by wylled parcerye lotted:
Chaönian countreys of Troian Chaon ycleaped:
This towne Troy citty, this caſtel eke Ilion highting.
But to the what paſſadge thee winds and fortun alotted?
Or what great deity toſt thee to our deſolat angel?
How faers Aſcanius? doth he liue, and breathful abydeth?
Whom to the now Troy towne.
Dooth the los of moother to the chielde bring ſorreful anguiſh?
Are ſparcks of courradge in this yong progeny kendled
By father Æneas, with his vncle martial Hector?
Theeſe toyes ſhee pratled mourning, griefs newlye refreſhing
Thee whilſt king Helenus, with a crowding coompanye garded,
From towne to vs buſkling vs as his freends freendlye bewelcomd.
Vs to his new citty with curteſye cheereful he leadeth;
With tears rief trickling ſaucing eeche queſtion aſked,
& march on forward: and yoong Troy finelye reſembling

Thee

Thee big huge old monument, and new brooke Zanthus I knowledge.
With the petit townegats fauoring thee principal old portes.
Alſo mye companions in country cittye be frollickt:
In toe the verye palaice thee Prince theym wholye receaueth.
With whip cat bowling they kept a myrry carouſing,
Thee goulden mazurs vp ſkynckt for a bon viage hoyſing.
There we dyd al ſoiourne two dayes: then a proſperus hizling
Of ſouth blaſt, puffing on ſayles dooth ſummon vs onward.
Too thee Princely prophet thus I ſpake, hym freendlye requeſting.
O ſacred Troian, thee light of miſterye darckned,
Of Gods thee ſpooks mate, thee truchman of hallod Apollo:
By the God enſtructed by ſtars for to ominat eeche thing,
By flight and chirping byrds too prognoſticat aptlye:
Poure foorth thy prophecy (for too mee proſperus hazards
Eeche ſound relligion foretold, mee to Italye poſting,
Only on diſpleaſaunt foule ſhapte byrd, the Harpye Celeno
(Forwarns much miſchiefe too coom with dangerus hunger)
In theeſe ſtormye perils too what ſaulf porte ſhal I take mee?
King Helenus ſlaughtring, with woont accuſtomed heyfers,
Peace craues of the Godhead, from front thee label vnhanging,
Mee, by the hand, trembling hee leads to thye myſteryie (Phœbus)
Thee prieſt this prophecy from Gods direction opned.
Thow ſoon of holye Venus (for th'art by ſetled apointment
Of Gods mightye power to exployts moſt doughtye reſerued,
Thus thy fate eſtabliſht dooth reſt, ſo thye fortun is ordred)
Of points ſundrye wyl I to the ſhape but a curtal abridgment,
Too the eende in thye trauayl thow mayſt the more heedlye be leſſond,
And paſſe to Italian region, thus ſhortlye reherſing
Peece meale prittye parings: for, too tel a ſummarye total,
Thee fat's king Helenus dooe bar, with Iuno the Saturne.
Wheare thow ſuppoſeſt therefor, that here Italye faſt by
Dooth ſtand, and myndeſt too ſayl with ſpeede to that hauen:
With draw thy iudgment from that groſſe coſmical erroure.
Italy is hence parted by long croſſe dangerus inpaths.
In ſtud Trinacrian thy great oars muſt deeplye be bathed,
And the ſea rough wurcking muſt eeke with nauye be trauerſt,
And Circes Iſland ſe ye muſt with Limbo lake helliſh:

Ere ye ſhal in ſaulf land of a nobil cittye be founder.
Glaunce I wyl at certeyn tokens, be ye watch ful in harckning.
When ye ſhal in ſecret with care neere freſh water happen,
Too ſpye bye thee banck ſyeds a ſtrange ſow mightelye ſized,
Coompaſed al roundly with ſucklings thirtye to number,
White, with lillye colours fayre dect, ſhee ſhal be repoſed
On ground, dug dieting her mylckwhit farroed hoglings.
Heere ſhal ceaſe thye labours: heere ſhal thy cittye be buylded.
Feare not thee manging fortold of burdſeat in hunger,
Thee fats thee paſſage ſhal ſmooth, yea goulden Apollo,
If ye wyl hym ſummon, ſhal bee too the furth readye coomming.
But this neere ſetled country (that of Italy is holden
Parcel) ſee ye ſhun yt: for theare Greeks yreful ar harbourd.
Heere the man of Locrus mounted ſteepe ſtatelye the townwals,
And fields of Salent with trouping cluſtered armye
Lyctius Idomeneus dooth keepe: ſo duke Melibœus
Holds thee prittye Petil round coompaſt ſtrong bye Philoctect.
Alſo when in ſaulfty from ſeas thy nauye ſhal harboure,
When rites relligious thow voweſt on new ſhaped altars,
With purple veſture bee deckt, with purpil eke hooded,
Leaſt that in aduauncing thee Gods with fyrye cole heating,
Soom diſmal viſadge foorth peake thee myſterye marring.
Thow with thy feloes obſerue this cuſtomed order.
And bye thye poſterytee let theeſe rites duelye be fooſtred.
With winds neere to Sicil when that thy nauye ſhal enter,
And ſtrayts ſhal be opned neere craggy vnweildye Pelorus,
With lifthand ſayling to the liftſyde countrye be packing:
What ſtands on right ſyde both land and channel abandon.
Theeſe ſhoars were ſundred by the plaſh breache, fame ſo doth vtter,
(So things tranſitory by lengthned ſeaſon ar eaten)
For when theeſe countryes were grapled ioinctlye to geather,
Swift the ſea with plaſhing ruſht in, townes terreblye drenching,
Italye diſioyncting with ſhort ſtreicts from Sicil Iſland,
Scylla doth on right ſyde rough ſtand, and deadlye Charybdis
On left hand ſwelleth with broad iaws greedelye galping,
In to gut vpſouping three tymes thee flaſh water angrye,
From paunch alſoe ſpuing toe the ſky the plaſh haſtlye receaued.

But Scylla in cabbans with ſneaking treacherye lurcketh,
Cloſe and ſlilye ſpying, too flirt thee nauye to rock bane.
A man in her viſadge, then a virgin fayre ſhe reſembleth
Downe to her gaſtlye nauel, lyke a whale from thee belye ſeeming.
Monſterus, vnſeemely, then a tayle lyke a dolphin is added
Iumbled vp of ſauadge fel woulfs, with griſlye lol hanging.
It wyl bee ſaulfer too paſſe thee countrye Pachynus,
With leaſure lingring, and far ſtreicts crabbye to circle,
Than to be ſurpriſed by Scylla in dungeon helliſh.
Whear curs barck bawling, with yolp yalpe ſnarrye rebounding.
Alſo yf king Helenus bee now for a truprophet holden,
If fayth bee reſiaunt, yf trouth to hym graunteth Apollo:
Thow ſoon of heunlye Godeſſe, this poinct I chieflye ſhal vtter,
And beſyde al warnings eftſoons yt muſt be repeated:
Let Iunoes deitee with duitye be woorſhiped humble.
Vnto her frame thy prayers, let myſtreſſe mightye be vanquiſht
With meekned preſents, and then lyke a conqueror happye
From land Trinacrian thow ſhalt bee to Italye poſted.
When ye in this paſſadge too Cumas cittye ſhal enter,
And lake with rumbling forreſt of ſacred Auerna,
A braynſick propheteſſe ſe ye ſhal, whom dungeon holdeth
In ground deepe riueted, future haps and deſtenye chaunting.
But yeet al her prophecyes in greene leaues nicelye be ſcribled,
In theeſe ſlipprye leaues what ſooth thee virgin auerreth,
Shee frams in Poëtry: her verſes in dungeon howſing,
They keepe rancks ordred, with aray firſt ſetled abyding:
But when on a ſuddeyn thee doors winds blaſtye doe batter,
And theeſe leaues greeniſh with whiſking lightlye be ſcatterd,
Neauer dooth ſhe labourе to reuoke her flittered iſſue,
Or to place in cabban, theire ſloane lyms freſhlye reioyning.
Thus they fle, deteſting thee lodge of giddye Sibylla:
Heere for a ſpirt linger, no good opportunitye ſcaping.
(Al thogh thee to ſeaward thy poſting coompanye calleth,
And winds vaunce fully thy ſayls with proſperus huffing)
Poſt to this propheteſſe, let her help and ſooth be required.
Shee wyl geeue notice to the ſtreight of al Italye dwellers:
How thow wiſelye trauayls ſhalt ſhun, ſhalt manfulye ſuffer.

Theare ſhe wyl enſtruct thee, thy paſſadge fortunat ayding.
Theeſe be ſuch od caueats, as I to the freendlye can vtter.
Foorth: and with thy valor let Troian glorye be mounted.
When this Princely prophet this counſayl faythful had eended,
Hee wyls that preſents of gould, ful weightelye poyſing,
Bee broght to our veſſels, and therewith eke iuorye pulliſht:
Plentye great of ſiluer with plate moſt ſumptuus adding.
And a ſhirt mayled with gould, with acreſted vp helmet.
Latelye Neoptolemus poſſeſt this martial armoure.
My father Anchiſes rich preſents alſoe receaueth.
Horſes eke and captayns are ſent.
And oars to oure veſſels bee broght and weapon abundante.
Thee whilſt Anchiſes wyls that thee nauye be launched,
Leaſt that in oure loytring oure paſſadge lucky wer hindred.
Hym prophet of Phœbus dooth treat with dignitye peereleſſe.
Anchiſes, whom ſtatelye Venus tak's woorthye for huſband,
Thee charge of deitee, now twiſe from Troy ruin haled,
Italye ſee yoonder: thither with nauye be ſqudding.
How beyt theeſe parcels in ſayling muſt be refuſed,
Seeke the far and diſtant country declard of Apollo.
Fare ye wel, happye parent of a ſoon ſo worthye; what oght els
Should I ſay? what maks mee this gale ſo fortunat hynder?
Alſo good Andromachee, with laſt departur al heauye,
Preſented veſtures of gould moſt ritchlye bebroyded.
And my lad Aſcanius with a Troian mantel adorning,
Weau'd wurcks thwackt with honor, to her gifts this parlye ſhe lĩcketh.
Take, myeboy, theeſe tokens by myn owne hands finniſhed holye.
Let theſe of Andromachee thee good wyl teſtifye laſting.
Cherriſh theeſe preſents by the pheere to the tendred of Hector.
O next Aſtianax thee type by me chieflye belooned,
In viſadge, looking, eke in hands thee fullye reſembling.
Who had ben, yf hee liued, for yeers now youthlye thine equal.
I for a long farewel this ſonnet ſorroful vttred.
Reſt ye ſtil heere bleſſed, that now youre fortun haue eended:
Wee to future miſchiefe from formoure danger ar hurled.
You reſt in fre quiet, thee ſeas you need not vpharrow.
You reck not, to trauayle, that back goeth, Italye ſerching.

Heere the image of Zanthus ye behold, and prittye Troy buylded
By youre Princelye labours, and too this new ſhaped engyn
Thee Gods ſend fortune, fro aſſaultes too fortifye Greekiſh.
If that I too Tybris with neere but countrye ſhal enter,
And that I ſhal fortune to behold thee towne by me founded:
Italye with the Epeire, too both king Dardanus author,
Shal be knit in freendſhip, making of two pepil one Troy.
This leage eke of felo ſhip ſhal bee manteyned of iſſue.
Foorth we goa too the ſeaward, wee ſayle bye Ceraunia ſwiftly.
Wheare too ioynctlye mearing a cantel of Italye neereth.
Thee whilſte thee ſunbeams are maſkt, hyls darcklye be muffled:
Wee be put hard ioygning to the booſom of countrye requyred.
Oure ſelfs wee cheriſht, oure members ſlumber atached.
Not yeet was mydnight ouerhyed, when that Palinurus,
From bed nimblye fleeth, too ſe in what quarter yt huffeth:
How ſtands thee wind blaſt, with liſtning tentine he marcketh,
Thee lights ſtarrye noting in globe celeſtial hanging:
Thee ſeun ſtars ſtormy, twiſe told thee plowſtar, eke Arcture,
Alſo ſad Orion, with goulden flachet, in armoure.
When that he perceaued, thee coaſt to be cleere, then he ſummond
Oure men too ſhip boord, thee camp wee ſwiftlye remooued.
Foorth we take oure paſſadge, oure ſayles ful winged vp hoyſting.
Thee ſtars are darckned, glittring Aurora reſhined.
Wee doe ſe ſwart mountayns, we doe gaze eke at Italye dymmed.
Italye loa yoonder, firſt, Italye, ſhowted Achates.
Italye land naming, lykewiſe thee coompanye greeted.
Then father Anchiſes a goold boul maßye becrowning,
With wyne brym charged, thee Gods celeſtial hayleth,
In ſhip thus ſpeaking.
You Gods, of ſayling, of land ſtats mightye remayning,
Graunt to vs milde paſſadge, and tempeſt mollifye roughning.
Sweete gales are breathing, and porte neere ſeated apeereth:
In the typ of mountayne thee temple of hautye Minerua
Glad we ſpye: thee mariners ſtrike ſayles, and roa to the ſhoareward.
The hauen from the eaſtcoaſt, in bowewiſe, crooked apereth.
Thee rocks ſternelye facing with ſalt fluds ſpumye be drumming.
Downe the road is lurcking, yeet two peers loftye run vpward

From

From ſtoans lyke turrets: fro the ſhoare thee tempil auoyleth.
Heere for a firſt omen fowre fayre ſteeds ſnow whit I marcked,
Thee paſture ſhredding in fields: this countrye doth offer,
Quod father Anchiſes, garboyls, ſo doe ſignifye warſteeds.
Yeet ſtay: the ſelf horſes in waynes erſt iouctlye were hooked,
Al yoked, and matchlyke teamed with common agreement.
This loa, quod hee bringeth firme hoape for peaceable vſadge.
Then we honored Pallas, that graunted a luckye beginning:
Alſo before the altars oure heads with purpil ar hooded,
In Troy rites, Helenus faythful direction holding.
And with ſetled honor thee Greekiſh Iuno we woorſhipt.
Heere we doe not lynger; thee vowd ſollemnitye finniſht,
Vp we gad, owt ſpredding oure ſayls and make to the ſeaward:
Al creeks miſtruſtful with Greekiſh countrye refuſing.
Hercules his dwelling (yf bruite bee truelye reported)
Wee ſe, Tarent named, to which heunlye Lacinia fronteth,
And Caulons caſtels we doe ſpy, with Scylla the wreckmake.
Then far of vplandiſh we doe view thee ſird Sicil Ætna.
And a ſeabelch grounting on roughrocks rapfulye rapping
Was hard; with ramping bounce clapping neer to the ſeacoaſt
Fierce the waters ruſſle, thee ſands with wraught ſtud ar hoyſed.
Quod father Anchiſes, heere loa that ſcruye Charybdis.
Theeſe ſtoans king Helenus, theeſe ragd rocks ruſtye ſore vttred.
Hence hye, mye deere feloes, duck the oars, and ſtick to the tacklings.
Thus ſayd he, then ſwiftly this his heaſt thee coompanye practiſe.
Firſt thee pilot Palinure thee ſteerd ſhip wrigs to the lifthand.
Right ſo to thee ſame boord thee mayſters al wrye the veſſels.
Vp we ſle too ſkyward with wild fluds hautye, then vnder
Wee duck too bottom with waues contrarye repreſſed.
Thus thriſe in oure diuing thee rocks moſte horribly roared:
And thriſe in oure mounting to the ſtars thee ſurges vs heaued.
Thee winds and ſoonbeams vs, poore ſouls weerye, refuſed,
And to ſoyl of Cyclops with wandring iournye we roamed.
A large roade fenced from rough ventoſitye bluſtring.
But neere ioyntlye brayeth with ruſſlerye rumboled Ætna.
Soomtyme owt yt balcketh from bulck clowds grimlye bedymmed.
Lyke fyerd pitche ſkorching, or flaſh flame ſulphurus heating:

Flownce

Flownce to the ſtars towring thee fire, lyke a pellet, is hurled,
Ragd rocks vp raking: and guts of mountenyrented
From roote vp hee iogleth: ſtoans hudge ſlag molten he rowſeth:
With route ſnort grumbling, in bottom flaſh furye kendling.
Men ſay that Enceladus with bolt haulf blaſted here harbrouth,
Dingd with this ſquiſing and maſſiue burthen of Ætna,
Which pres on hym nayled from broached chymnye ſtil heateth.
As oft as the giant his broyld ſyds croompeled altreth,
So oft Sicil al ſhiuereth, there with flaks ſmoakye be ſparckled.
That night in forreſt to vs ponke bugs gaſtlye be tendred.
Thee cauſe wee find not, for noiſe phantaſtical offred.
Thee ſtars imparted no light, thee welken is heauye:
And the moon enſhryned with cloſet clowdye remayned.
Thee morning brightneſſe dooth luſter in eaſt ſeat Eous,
And night ſhades moyſturs glittring Aurora repealeth.
When that on a ſuddeyn we behold a windbeaten hard ſhrimp,
With lanck wan viſadge, with rags iags patcherye clowted,
His fiſts too the ſkyward rearing: heere wee ſtood amazed.
A meigre leane rake with a long berd goatlyke, aparrayld
In ſhrub weeds thorny: by his byrth a Grecian holden.
One that too Troy broyls whillon from his countrye repayred.
When the ſkrag had marcked far a loof thee Troian atyring,
And Troian weapons, in ſteps he ſtutted, apaled:
And fixt his footing, at leingth with deſperat offer
Too the ſhore hee neered, theeſe ſpeeches merciful vttring.
By ſtars I craue you, by the ayre, by the celical houſhold,
Hoyſe me hence (O Troians) too ſum oother countrye me whirrye.
Playnelye to ſpeake algats, for a Greeke my ſelf I doe knowledge,
And that I too Troytowne with purpoſed emnitye ſayled.
If this my treſpaſſe now claymeth duelye reuengment
Plunge me deepe in the waters, and lodge me in Neptun his harboure.
If mens hands ſlea mee, ſuch manniſh ſlaughter I wiſh for.
Thus ſayd he, downe kneeling, and oure feete mournefuly claſping.
Then we hym deſyred firſt too diſcooner his offspring,
After too manifeſt this his hard and deſtenye bitter.
My father Anchiſes gaue his hand to the wretch on a ſuddeyn,
And with al a pardon, with ſaulfe protection, offred.

Thee captiue, ſhaking of feare, too parlye thus entred.
Borne I was in the Itacan countrey, mate of haples Vliſſes,
Named Achœmenides, my ſyre alſo cald Adamaſtus,
A good honeſt poore man (would we in that penurye laſted)
Sent me toe youre Troywars, at laſt my coompanye ſkared
From this countrye cruel, dyd poſting leaue me behynde theym,
In Cyclops kennel, thee layſtow dirtye, the foule den.
In this griſlye palaice, in forme and quantitye mightye,
Palpable and groaping darckneſſe with murther aboundeth.
Hee doth in al miſchiefe ſurpaſſe, hee mounts to the ſky top.
(Al the heunly feloſhip from the earth ſuch a monſter abandon)
Hard he is too be viewed, too ſe hym no perſon abydeth.
Thee blud with the entrayls of men, by hym ſlaughtred, he gnaweth.
And of my feloes I ſaw that a couple he grapled
On ground ſow groouneling, and theym with villenye cruſhed,
At flint hard daſhing, thee goare blood ſpowteth of eeche ſyde,
And ſwyms in the thraſhold, I ſaw fleſh bluddye toe ſlauer,
When the cob had maunged the gobets foule garbaged haulfe quick.
Teet got he not ſhotfree, this butcherye quighted Vliſſes:
In which doughtye peril the Ithacan moſte wiſelye bethoght hym.
For the vnſauerye rakhel with collops bludred y francked,
With chuffe chaffe wyneſops lyke a gourd bourrachoe replenniſht,
His nodil in croſſe wiſe wreſting downe droups to the grownd ward,
In belche galp vometing with dead ſleape ſnortye the collops,
Raw with wyne ſouſed, we doe pray toe ſupernal aſemblye,
Round with al embaying thee muffe maffe loller; eke haſtlye
With toole ſharp pointed wee boarde and perced his oane light,
That ſtood in his lowring front gloommiſh malleted onlye.
Lyke Greekiſh tergat gliſtring, or Phœbus his hornebeams.
Thus the death of feloes on a lout wee gladlye reuenged.
But ſe ye flee caytiefs, hy ye hence, cut ſwiftlye the cables.
Pack fro the ſhoare.
For ſuch as in priſon thee great Polyphemus is holden,
His ſheepflocks ſoddring, from dugs mylck thriftelye ſquiſing,
Thee lyke heere in mountayns doo randge in number an hundred,
That bee curſd Cyclopes in naming vſual highted.
Thee moone three ſeaſons her paſſadge orbical eended

Sence

Sence I heere in forreſt and cabbans gaſtlye dyd harboure,
With beſtes fel ſaluadge: and in caues ſtoanye Cyclopes
Dayly I ſe, theire trampling and yelling helliſh abhorring.
My ſelf I dieted with ſloas, and thinlye with hawthorns,
With maſt, and with roots of eeche herb I ſwadgde my great hunger.
I pryed al quarters, and firſt this nauye to ſhoare ward
Swift, I ſcryed, ſayling too which my ſelf I remitted,
Of what condicion, what countryſo eauer yt had beene.
Now tis ſufficient that I ſkape fro this horribil Iſland.
Mee rather extinguiſh with ſoom blud murther or oother.
Scant had he thus ſpoaken: when that from mountenus hil toppe
Al wee ſee the giaunt, with his hole flock lowbylyke hagling.
Namde the ſhepeherd Polyphem, to the wel knowne ſea ſyd aproching.
A fowle fog monſter, great ſwad, depriued of eyeſight.
His fiſts and ſtalcking are propt with trunck of a pynetree.
His flock hym doe folow, this charge hym chiefly reioyceth.
In grief al his coomfort on neck his whiſtle is hanged.
When that too the ſeaſyde thee ſwayne Longolius hobbled,
Hee rinſt in the water thee droſſe from his late bored eyelyd.
His tuſk grimlye gnaſhing, in ſeas far waltred, he groyleth:
Scantly doo the water ſurmounting reache toe the ſhoulders.
But we being feared, from that coaſt haſtlye remooued,
And with vs embarcked thee Greekiſh ſuitur, as amplye
His due requeſt merited, wee chopt of ſoftlye the cables.
Swift wee ſweepe the ſeafroth with nimble luſtilad oare ſtriefe.
Thee noiſe he perceaued, then he turning warelye liſteth.
But when he conſiderd, that wee preuented his handling,
And that from ſoloing oure ſhips thee fluds hye reuockt hym,
Loud the lowbye brayed with belling monſterus eccho:
Thee water hee ſhaketh, with his owt cryes Italye trembleth.
And with a thick thundring thee fyerde fordge Ætna rebounded.
Then runs from mountayns and woods thee rownſeual helſwarme
Of Cyclopan lurdens to the ſhoars in coompanye cluſtring.
Far we ſe theym diſtaunt: vs grimly and vaynely beholding.
Vp to the ſky reatching, thee breetherne ſwiſh ſwaſh of Ætna.
A folck moaſte fulſoom, for ſight moſte fitlye reſembling
Trees of loftye cipers, with thickned multitud oakroas:
Or Ioues great forreſt, or woods of mightye Diana.

Feare thear vs enforced with posting speedines headlong
Too swap of oure cables, and fal to the seas at auenture.
But yeet king Helenus iumpt twixt Scylla and the Charybdis
For to sayl vs monished, with no great dangerus hazard.
Yeet we wer ons mynded, backward thee nauye to mayster.
Heere loa behold Boreas from bouch of north blo Pelorus
Oure ships ful chargeth, thee quick rocks stoanye we passed:
And great Pantagia, and Megarus with Tapsus his Island.
Theese soyls fore wandred to oure men were truelye related
By poore Achœmenides, mate too thee luckles Ulisses.
Face too countrye Sicil theare stands a dangerus Island
Plemmyrium stormy, but yt old past auncetrye cleaped
Ortygia: Alpheüs, men say, thee great flud of Elis
Under seabottoms this passadge ferreted, and now
Swift fro Arethusa going meets in fluds of Sicil Island.
That country deitee, though wild, wee woorshiped, and thence
Wee sayld and trauayled to the coast of fertil Elorus.
Then we grate on rockrayes and bancks of stoanye Pachynus,
And Camarina riuer, to remoone by destenye barred.
Also we through passed thee fields of statelye Geloüs.
And thee mightye water, by custoom great Gela named.
Thence strong buylt Agragas his huge high wals loftelye vaunceth,
That steeds courrageous with racebrood plentiful offred.
And with lyke sayling wee passe thee wooddye Selinis:
And deepe gulfs syncking of blind Lilybeia rockish.
After too Drepanus bad roade not luckye we sayled.
Heere loa being scaped from rough tempestuus huffling,
My father Anchises, in cares my accustomed helper,
I loose: ô my father, wyl you forsake me, thus eending
My toyls and my trauayls, why then dyd I mayster al hazards?
Nor propheting Helenus, when he foretold dangerus hard haps
Forspake this burial mourning, nor filthye Celæno.
This was last my laboure, thee knot clapt of myn auentures.
From thence God mee shoou'd too this your gratius empyre.
Thus father Æneas soly toe the coompanye listning
His long dryrye viadge, and Gods set destenye chaunted.
At leingth kept he silence, with finnished historye resting.

Finis libri tertij.

THEE

THEE FOVRTH BOOKE OF VIRGIL HIS ÆNEIS.

BVt the Queene in meane while with carks quãdare deepe anguisht,
Her wound fed by Venus, with firebayt smoldred is hooked.
Thee wights doughtye manhood leagd with gentilytye nobil,
His woords fitlye placed, with his heunly phisnomye pleasing,
March throgh her hert mustring, al in her brest deepelye she printeth.
Theese carcking cratchets her sleeping natural hynder.
Thee next day foloing Phœbus dyd clarifye brightlye
Thee world with luster, watrye shaads Aurora remooued,
When to her deere sister, with woords, haulf gyddye she raueth.
Sister An, ? merueyle, what dreams mee terrefye napping,
What newcoom trauayler, what guest in my harborye lighted?
How braue he dooth court yt? what strength and coorrage he carryes?
I beleue yt certeyn (ne yet hold I yt vaynelye reported)
That fro the great linnadge of Gods his pettegre shooteth.
Feare shews pitsle crauens: good God, what destenye wayward
Hath the man endured? what bickrings bitter he passed?
Had not ? foresnaffled my mynde by votarye promise,
Not toe yoke in wedlock too no wight earthlye mye person,
When my first felosship by murther beastlye was eended,
Had not I such daliaunce, such pipling bedgle renounced,
Haplye this oane faulty trespas might bring me toe bending.
An (toe the my meaning and mynd ? doe playnelye set open)
Sence the death of my husband, too wyt, the Sichœus vnhappye,
Sence mye cruel brootherdefilde the domestical altars:
Onlye this od gallant hath bowd my phansye toe lyking,
And my loone hath gayned: thee skorcht step of old fyre ? sauoure.
But first with vengaunce let the earth mee swallo toe bottom,
Or father omnipotent with lightnings dyng me toe lymbo,
And to Erebus shading darckneſſe, too dungeon hellish,

Eare that I ſhal thye ſtatutes (ô ſhamefaſt chaſtitye) cancel.
Hee, that firſt me yoked for wiefe, dyd carrye my firſt looue,
Hardlye let hym ſhrowd yt, cloſe claſpt in graue let yt harboure.
When ſhe thus had ſpoaken, with tears her breſt ſhe replenniſht.
Then ſayd An (ô ſiſter, than light more deerely beloued)
Wyl ye ſtil in pining youre youthful ioylitye ſtiefle?
Wyl ye not haue children, nor ſweete Venus happye rewarding's?
Weene ye that oure lyking a ſcalp of a charuel In heedeth?
Graunt, earſt that noe woer could catche youre phanſye to wedlock,
Nor Lybye land lordinges, ne by Tyre deſpiſed Iarbas,
Nor manye ſtat's lofty, that reſt in plentiful Affrick:
Wyl ye ſtil endeuoure with pleaſd looue vaynelye to inſtle?
Wyl ye be forgetting in what curſt countrye ye ſoiourne?
Heere towns of Getuls doo ſtand, a nation hardye,
Heere ye ſit embayed with Moors, with Syrtis vnhowſed.
Theare pepil of Barcey through ſoale wyld barrenes harboure.
What ſhal I tel further, what broyle Tyrus angrye doth hammer,
What threats your broother thunders.
I thinck, that the Godhead, with Iunoes proſperus ayding,
Thee Troian veſſels too this youre ſegnorye pelted.
Loa what a fayre citty ſhal mount, what ſtabliſhed empyre
By this great wedlock: with might of the vnitye Troian.
How far ſhal be fleing thee glorie renowmed of Affrick.
Of Gods craue pardon, then, when youre ſeruice is eended,
Youre new gueſt frollick, his ſtay let forgerye linger,
Til winters lowring bee paſt, and rayne make Orion.
Til they rig al veſſels, vntil tyme ſtormye be ſwaged.
With theeſe woords flaming her breſt was kendled in hoatlooue:
Shee graunts to her tottring mynd hoape, ſhame baſhful auoyding.
Firſt to the church gad they, reſt and peace meekelye requeſting,
In ſacrifice killing, by woont accuſtomed, hogrels:
Firſt to Ceres makelaw, too Phœbus, then to Lyœus:
Chiefly e to Queene Iuno, that wedlocks vnitye knitteth.
Thee bol in hand firmely Queene Dido, the bewtiful, holding,
Pourd yt amydſt both the horns peaking of lillye white heyfer.
Soomtyme to the altars, diſtant, of Gods ſhe reſorteth:
And makes freſh ſacrifice, the catal, new ſlaughtered, heeding.

Shee weens her fortune by guts, hoate smoakye, to conster.
ô the superstitions of beldam trumperye sooth says.
Now what auayle temples, or vows, whilst deepelye the flamd fire
Kendleth in her marrow, whilst wound in brest cel is aking.
Dido, the wretch, burneth, neere mad through cittye she stalketh:
Much lyke a doa wounded too death, not marcked of heerdman,
His dart sharp headed through forrest Cassian hurling,
On the doa iump lighteh by soom chaunce medlye: the weapon,
Thee bodye sore ranckling dooth stur thee deere to the frithward,
Or to falow straining, in corps thee deadlye staf hangeth.
Often about thee wals Æneas slilye she trayneth:
Too welth Sidonian poincting, too cittye nere eended.
Her bye tale owt hauking amyd oft her parlye she chocketh.
Soomtyme she inuites theym too deynty bancquet in eeuening:
Now fresh agayne crauing of Troian toyle the recital,
From lyps of Chronicler with blincking listenes hanging.
When they be departed, when light of mooneshine is housed,
And stars downe gliding at due tyme of slumber ar ayming,
Restles aloane sobbing on left benche soalye she sytteth:
Her selfe not present she both hyers and sees the man absent.
Or the slip Ascanius (for saincte thee shrinecase adoring)
Shee cols for the father: with busse to lenifye loouefits.
Thee towrs new founded mount not, thee coompanye youthful
Surcease from warfeats, there toyls no swincker in hauen;
Nor mason in bulwarck: wurcks interrupted ar hanging.
And wals hudge menacing, thee sky top in altitud eeuening.
When the plage of pacient thee spouse of Iuppiter heeded,
And noe reporte wandring thee looue furye kendled abated,
Thus toe Venus turning spake thee Saturnical empresse.
A praise of high reckning, eke a catche to be greatlye renowmed
Yon with youre pricket purchast, loa the victorye famouse:
With two Gods packing one woomman sellye to coosen.
Wel dyd I know, mistresse, that you my great harborye feared,
Mightelye mistrusting thee seats of Carthage, hye mounted.
When shal, Hoa, bee shouted: too what drift feede we this anger?
Why be we not forward theese mat's too marrye to geather
And a leage eternal conclude: thy long wish is hested.

Dido

Dido with hertlyking dooth burne, her boans furye fretteth.
Let theese ſundrye pepils theare for bee lincked in one loare.
Alſo let oure Dido vayle her hert too bedfeloe Troian:
And Tyrian kingdooms to the ſhal, for dowrye, be graunted.
Th'n to her (for wiſely ſhee found thee treacherye feined
Too fetch too Tyrians the great empyre of Italye woorcking)
Thus Venus her ſpeeches dyd bend. What niddipol hare brayne
Would ſcorne this couenaunt? would with thee gladlye be iarring?
If ſo this happye trauayle ſhal ſo be with happines ayded.
But fates mee ſtamering doo make, yf Iuppiter holdeth
Beſt, that the Tyrians and Troian progenye couple,
That they be conioigned, that both they freendlye be leaged.
You to hym bee ſpouſed: thee trouth with pillotoy ferret.
On before, and I ſolow. Too this ladye Iuno replyed.
That labor I warrant. Now by what craftinis are wee
Too wurck this ſtratagem: marck wel, for I brieflye wyl open.
Thee Prince Æneas and eke Queene Dido the poore ſoule
For to hūnt in forreſt too morro be fullye reſolued,
So ſoon as in eaſt coaſte with bright beams Titan apeereth.
Then wyl I round coompaſſe with clowd grim foggye theſe hunters.
When they ſhal in thickets thee couert maynelye be drawing.
Al the ſkye ſhal ruſtle with thumping thunderus hurring.
Thee men I wyl ſcatter, they ſhal be in darcknes al hooueld.
Dido and thee Troian captayne ſhal iumble in one den.
If with his my trauayle thy mynd and phanſye be meeting
Then wyl I thee wedlock with firme affinitye faſten:
This ſhal bee the bryde hymne. To the drift Venus, vttred, agreed,
Smoothlye with al ſimpring, too groape ſuche treacherus handling.
Thee whilſt thee dawning Aurora fro the Ocean haſtned,
And the May freſh yoonckers to the gates doo make there aſemblye
With nets and catch toyls, and hunt ſpears plentiful yrond:
With the hounds quick ſenting, with pricking galloper horſman.
Long for thee Princeſſe thee Moors gentilitye wayted,
As yet in her pincking not prānckt with trinckerye trinckets:
As they ſtood attending thee whilſt her trapt genet hautye
Deckt with ritche ſcarlet, with gould ſtood furniture hanging,
Praunſeth on al ſtartling, and on byt gingled he chaumpeth.

At leingth

At leingth foorth she fleeth with swarming coompanye circled,
In cloke Sidonical with rich dye brightlye bespринckled.
Her locks are broyded with gould, her quiuer is hanging
Backward: with gould tache thee vesture purple is holden.
Thee band of Troians lykewise, with wanton Iülus
Doo marche on forward: but of al thee Lucifer heunlye
In bewty Æneas hymself to the coompanye rancketh.
Lyke when as hard frozen Lycia and Zanth floods be relinquisht
By Pheebe, to Delos, his natiue contrye seat, hastning.
Hee poinctes a dawnsing, foorth with thee rustical hoblobs
Of Cretes, of Dryopes, and payncted clowns Agathyrsi
Dooe fetch theyre gambalds hopping neere consecrat altars.
Hee trips on Zanthus mountayn, with delicat hearelocks
Trayling: with greene shrubs and pure gould neatly becrampound
His shafts on shoulder rattle: the lyke hautye resemblaunce
Carried Æneas with glistring coomlines heunlye.
When they toe thee mountayns and too layrs vncoth aproched,
Then, loa, behold ye, breaking thee goats doo trip fro the rocktops
Neere toe the playne: the heard deare dooth stray frō mounten vnharb
Thee chase is ensued with passadge dustye bepowdred. (ourd.
But the lad Ascanius, with praunsing courser hye mounted,
Dooth manage in valley, now theym, now theese ouerambling.
Hee scornes theese rascal tame games, but a sounder of hogsteers,
Or thee browne lion too stalck fro the mounten he wisheth.
Thee whilst in the skye seat great bouncing rumbelo thundring
Ratleth: downe powring too sleete thick hayle knob is added.
Thee Tyrian felosship with youthful Troian asemblye
And Venus hautye nephew doo run too sundrye set houses.
Hudge fluds lowdlye freaming from mountayns loftye be trowlling,
Dido and thee Troian captayne doo iumble in one den.
Then the earth crau's the banes, theare too watrye Iuno, the chaplay-
Seams vp thee bedmatch, the fyre and ayre testifie wedlock. (ne,
And Nymphs in mountayns high typ doe squeak, hullelo, yearning.
That day cros and dismal was cause of mischief al after,
And bane of her killing; her fame for sleight she regarded.
No more dooth she laboure too mask her Phansye with hudwinck,
With thee name of wedlock her carnal leacherye cloaking,

Straight through towns Lybical this fame with an infamye rangeth.
Fame the groyl vngentil, then whom none ſwifter is extant;
Limber in her whiſking: her ſtreingth in iournye ſhe trebbleth;
Firſt lyke a ſhrimp ſquatting for feare, then boldlye ſhe roameth
On ground prowd ietting: ſhee ſoars vp nimblye toe ſkyward;
The earth, her dame, chauffing with graund Gods celical anger,
Litterd this leueret, the ſyb, as men ſundrye reherſed,
Too the giant Cœus, ſiſter to ſwad Encelad holden.
Furth ſhe quicklye galops, with wingflight ſwallolyke haſtning.
A foule fog pack paunch: what feathers plumye ſhe beareth,
So manye ſquint eyebals ſhee keeps (a relation vncoth)
So manye tongues clapper, with her ears and lip labor eeuened.
In the dead of nighttyme to the ſkyes ſhee flickereth, howling
Through the earth ſhade ſkipping, her ſight from ſlumber amooning.
Whilſt the ſun is ſhyning the bagage cloſe lodgeth in houſroofs,
Or tops of turrets, with feare towns loftye ſhe frighteth.
As readye forgde fittons, as true tales vaynelye toe twattle.
Thee pepil in iangling this raynebeaten harlotrye filled:
Meerelye furth chatting feats paſt, and feats not atempted.
That the duke Æneas from Troians auncetrye ſprouting,
In Lybye coaſt landed, with whom fayre Dido, the Princeſſe,
Her perſon barterd, and that they both be reſolued,
Thee winter ſeaſon too waſt in leacherye wanton.
Retchles of her kingdoom, with rutting bitcherye ſauted.
This that prat'pye cadeſſe labored too trumpet in eeche place.
Furth ſhe fleeth poſting to the kingly rector Iarbas.
With the brute enflaming his mynd ſhe doth huddle on anger.
Soon to the Prince Ammon, Garamans thee fayrye, bye rapeſnacht,
His moother named; this king too Iuppiter heunly
Temples twiſe fifty dyd buyld, lyke number of altars,
With fire continual theeſe ſeats too conſecrat vſing,
With the blud of ſacrifice floating, with delicat herbflowrs.
Netled with theeſe brackye nouels as wild as a marche hare
In the myd of the Idols (men tel) neere furniſhed altars,
Theeſe woords, vplifting both his hands, he toe Iuppiter vttred.
Iuppiter almighty, whom men Mauruſian, eating
On the tabils verniſht, with cuprit's magnifye dulye:

Eyest thow this filthood shal wee, father heunlye, be careleſſe
Of thy claps thundring? or when fiers glimrye be liſted
In clowds grim gloomming with bounce doo terrifye worldlings?
A coy tyb, as vagabund in this my ſegnorye wandring,
That the plat of Carthage from mee by cooſinage hooked,
T'whom gaue I fayre tilladge, and eeke lawes needful enacted,
Hath ſcornd my wedlock: Æneas lord ſhe reteyneth.
Now this ſmocktoy Paris with berdleſſe coompanye wayted,
With Greekiſh coronet, with falling woommaniſh hearelocks
Lyke fieſt hound mylckſop trimd vp, thee victorye catcheth.
And wee beat the buſhes, thee ſtil with woorſhip adoring.
Onlye for oure ſeruice ſoom prayſed vanitye gleaming.
Thee prayer of playntiefe, grappling thee conſecrat altars,
Iuppiter hard; ſoorth with to, the courte hee whirled his eyeſight,
And viewd theeſe bedmat's no ſound reputation heeding.
With woords imperial thus he ſpeaks and Mercurye chargeth.
Flee my ſun, and buſk on, let ſweete winds ſwiftlye be ſoommond,
And toe the duke Troian, that vaynelye in Carthage abydeth,
Thee towns neglecting, that to hym ſet deſtenye lotteth,
Theeſe woords deliuer, from mee to hym carrye this errand.
His paragon moother to vs framd a promiſe of hudger
Accoumpt and reckning, then he now perfourmeth, vpon that
Hoape future expected, from Troy flam's twiſe ſhe reliu'd hym.
Too me ſhe dyd promiſe, that he ſhould bee the emperor hautye,
That would, with bickring, fierce martial Italye vanquiſh:
Thee Troian famely with wide ſpread glorye reuiuing:
And globe of al regions with laws right equitye bridle.
Too feats ſo valiant yf that no glorye doth haſthym,
Or to hym thee catching of fame ſo woorthye be toyle ſoom:
Shal, by ſyre, Aſcanius from Roman cittye be loytred?
What doth he forge: Wherefore wil he reſt in countrye ſo freendleſſe?
Why the Lauin regions, and ſtock he ſo ſlilye reputeth?
Thee ſea let hym trauerſe: this is al: to hym ſignifye this muche.
Ioue ſayd: eke hee the fathers commaund to accompliſſe apoincteth.
Firſt of al his woorcking too his feete ſhooes goulden he knitteth,
By which he with wind blaſt ruffling oft flittereth vpward,
Wheather he land regions or rough ſeas ſurgye doth harrow.

His rod next he handleth: by which from the helly Bocardo
Tourt tost ſouls he freeth: diuerſe to the priſon he plungeth.
Hee cauſeth ſleeping and bars: bye death eyelyd vphaſping.
With the rod eke he ſheareth thee winds, and ſcattereth high clowds.
As thus he dyd flicker, thee top wyth ſideryb of Atlas
Hee ſees, that proppeth, with crowne, the ſupernal Olympus,
Atlas, whoſe pallet with pynetrees plentiful hooueld,
In grim clowds darekned, with ſhowrs and windpuf is haunted.
Thee ſnoa whit his ſhoulders dooth cloath, fluds mightye be rowling
From the chyn oldlye riueld, his beard with froſt hoare is hardned.
Firſt on this mounteyn thee winged Mercurie lighted:
From thence too the waters his courſe hee bended al headlong.
Muche lyke a byrd neſtled neere ſhoars or deſolat hilrocks:
Not to the ſky maynely, but neere ſea meanelye ſhe flickreth.
So with a meane paſſadge twixt ſky and ſea Mercurye ſlideth
To Lyby coaſt ſandy; thee ſharp wynds ſpeedelye ſhauing,
Mercurye thee Cyllen, bye the mount Cyllene begotten.
On Lyby land tenements with winged feete when he lighted,
Hee ſpyed Æneas new caſtels thriftelye founding,
And howſrowms altring: hee woare then a gorgeus hanger
With iaſpar yellow: hee ſhynde with mantel ypurpled,
From ſhoulders trayling: this braue roabe Dido, the ritch Queene,
Soalye with her handwurck dyd weaue: with gould wyre yt heaping.
Mercurye thus greets hym: Now ſir; you wholye be careful
Too found new Carthage, with youre braue bedfelo ſotted
You buyld a cittye, youre owne ſtate ſlilye regarding.
Now to the God ſentmee from ſhining brightned Olympus,
The God of al the godheads, managing heune and places earthlye,
Hee gaue commaundement, too thee too carrye this erraund.
What doe ye forge? wherefore thus vaynely in land Lybye mitche you?
Too feats ful valiaut yf that no glorye doth egge the,
Or toe the thee catching of fame ſoo woorthye be toyl ſoom,
Caſt care on Aſcanius riſing, of the heyrs of Iülus.
To whom the ſtat Italian with Roman cittye belongeth.
When this round meſſage thee Cyllen Mercurye whiſperd,
In myd of his parling from gazing mortal he ſhrincketh:
From lookers eyeſight too thinnes he vanniſhed ayrye.

But

But the duke Æneas with ſight ſo geaſon agaſted,
His buſh ſtarck ſtaring with feare, cleene ſpeecheles abyded.
Hee to fle ſoare longeth, this ſweet ſoyl ſtreight to relinquiſh,
By Gods imperial moniſhing auctoritye warned.
Heere but alas he myred what courſe may be warelye taken;
How ſhal he too Princeſſe, with loones hoat phrenſye reteyned,
Breake this cold meſſadge? what woords ſhal ſhape the beginning.
From thee poaſt toe piler with thoght his rackt wyt he toſſeth.
Now to this od ſtratagem, now too that counſeyl alying.
After long mooting, this courſe for better he deemed.
Mneſtheus hee called, Sergeſt and manlye Cloanthus,
For to rig in ſecret theyre ſhips, and coompanye ſummon,
With weaponsready: Thee cauſe alſo of changabil haſtning
Deepelye toe diſſemble: when eke opportunitye ſerued,
Whilſt no breche of freendſhip thee good ladye Dido remembert,
And due place of ſpeaking ſweetly with ſeaſon is offred,
They would theire paſſadge cloſe ſteale. Thee knightes agreed,
With wil moſte forward, to haſte on too iournye reſolued.
How beyt thee Princeſſe (what wyle can iuggle a looner?)
Found owt this cogging: in thoght what firſt ſhe reuolued
That toe doe they mynded: things ſtanding ſaulfye ſhe feareth.
Fame, the blab vnciuil, foſters her phanſye reciting,
That the fleete is ſtrongly furniſht, theire paſſage apoincted.
Deuoyd of al counſayle ſcolding through cittye ſhe ploddeth.
Mutch lyke Dame Thyas with great ſollemnitye ſturred
Of Bacchus third yeers feaſting, when quaftyde aproacheth,
And ſhowts in nighttyme doo ringe in loftye Cithœron.
At laſt ſhe Æneas thus, not prouoked, aſaulteth.
And thoghſt thow, faythleſſe coyſtrel, ſo ſmoothlye to ſhaddow
Thy packing practiſe? from my ſoyle priuelye ſlincking?
Shal not my lyking, ne yet earſt fayth plighted in handclaſpe,
Nor Didoes burial from this croſſe iournye withold the?
Further; in a winters ſoure ſtorme muſt nauye be launched?
Mind'ſt thow with northen bluſter thee mayne ſea to trauerſe
Thow cruel hert haggard? what? yf hence too countrye the paſſage
Thow took'ſt not ſtranged: ſuppoſe Troy cittye remayned:
Through the ſea fierce ſwelling would'ſt thow to Troy cittye be packing?

Shunst thow my presence? By theese tear's, and bye thye right hand
(Sence that I, poore caytiefe, noght els to mye self doe relinquish)
By the knot of wedlock, by loones sollemnitye sealed,
If that I deserued too fore soom kindnes, or ennye
Part of my person to the whillon pleasur a furded
To my state empayring let yeet soom mercye be tenderd.
I doe craue (yf toe prayers as yeet soom nouke be reserued)
Beat downe thy purpose, thy mynd from iournye reclayming.
For thy sake in Lybical regions and in Nemod hateful
I liue: my Tyrian subiectes pursue me with anger.
For thy sake I stayned whillon my chastitye spotlesse:
And honor old batterd, to the sky with glorye me lifting.
And now, guest, wheather doe ye skud from deaths fit of hostace?
That terme must I borowe, syth I dare not cal the myne husband.
Why do I breath longer? shal I liue til cittye mye broother
Pigmalion ransack? or too tyme I be prisoner holden
By thee Getul Iarb? yf yeet soom progenye from me
Had crawld, by the fatherd, yf a cockney-dandiprat hopthumb,
Prittye lad Æneas, in my court, wantoned, ere thow
Took'st this filthye fleing, that thee with phisnomye lyckned,
I ne then had reckned my self for desolat owtcaste.
Shee sayd: he persisting too doo what Iuppiter heasted,
Sturd not an eye, graueling in his hert his sorroful anguish.
At length thus briefly dyd he parle: I may not, I wil not
Deny thy benefitts ful as amply, as can be recounted,
Vnto me deliu'red: so long shal I Dido remember,
Whilst I my self mynd shal: whilst lyms with spirit [illegible]orderd.
Briefly for a weighty matter few woords I wil vtter.
Neauer I foremynded (let not mee falsly be threpped)
For toe slip in secret by flight: ne yet eauer I thralled
My self too wedlock: I toe no such chapmenhed harckned.
If toe mye mynd priuat my fatal fortun agreed,
If so that al sorrows iump with my phansye were eended,
Then should bee chiefly bye me Troian cittye redressed,
And kinreds rellicques woorshipt: then should be renewed
Thee courte of Priamus: yea though that victorye razed
Theese monuments, yet agayne by mee they should be repayred.

But

But now to Italian kingdooms vs sendeth Apollo,
And vs to Italian regions set destenye warneth.
Theare rests oure lyking: there eke oure wisht countrye remayneth.
If ye be delighted, too see new Carthage vp hoouering,
And a Moore in Morish citty youre phansye ye settle:
Why so may not Troians theire course to good Italye coompasse?
What reason embars theym, soom forreyn countrye to ferret?
Of father Anchises thee goast and grislye resemblaunce,
When the day dooth vannish, when lights eke starrye be twinckling,
In sleepe mee monisheth, with visadge buggish he feareth.
And my sun Ascanius mee pricks, by me rightlye beloued:
Whom from the Italian regions toe toe long I doe linger.
Latelye toe mee posted from Ioue thee truch sprit, or herrald
Of Gods (thee deityes this sooth too wytnes I summon)
Hee dyd, in expressed commaund, to me message his erraund.
I saw most liuely, when that neere to wne wal he lighted;
In this eare hee towted thee speeche. Cease therefor, I pray you,
Mee to teare, and also youre self, with dirye rehersals.
Italye not willing I seeke.
Whilst he thus in pleading dyd dwel, shee surlye beheeld hym:
Heere she dothe her visadge, thear skew, eeche member in inchmeale
In long mummye silence limming: then shrewdlye she scoldeth.
No Godes is thye parent, nor th' wart of Dardanus offspring,
Thow periurde faytoure: but amydst rocks, Caucasus haggish
Bred the, with a tigers soure milck vnseasoned, vdderd.
What shal I dissemble? what point ts more weightye reserue I?
At my tears showring dyd he sigh? dyd he winck with his eyelyd?
Ons dyd he weepe vanquisht? dyd he yeeld ons mercye toe loouemate?
What shal I first vtter? wyl not graund Iuno with hastning,
Nor thee father Saturne with his eyes bent rightlye beholdthis?
Fayth quite is exiled: fro the shoare late a runnagat hedgebrat,
A tarbreeche quystroune dyd I take, with phrensye betrashed
I placed in kingdoom, both ships and coompanye gracing.
Woa to me thus stamping, sutch braynsick foolerye belching.
Marck the speake, I pray you, wel coucht: Now sothtel Apollo,
Now Lycian fortuns, from very Iuppiter heunlye
A menacing message, by the Gods ambassador, vttred.

Foorſooth; this thye viadge with care Sainɛts celical heapeth,
Theire brayns vnquieted with this baldare be buʒing.
I ſtay not thye body, ne on baw vaw tromperye deſcant.
Pack toe ſoyl Italian: croſſe thee ſeas: fiſh for a kingdoom.
Verely, in hoape reſt I (yf Gods may take duelye reuengment)
With gagd rocks coompaſt, then vaynely, Dido, reciting,
Thow ſhalt bee punniſht. Ile with fyre ſwartiſh hop after.
When death hath vntwined my ſoule from carcas his holding,
I wyl, as hobgoblin, foloa thee: thow ſhalt be ſoare handled:
I ſhal hyre, I doubt not, thy pangs in lymbo related.
Her talck in the mydel, with this laſt parlye, ſhe throtled.
And from his ſight parted, with tortours queazye diſorderd.
Hym ſhee left daunted with feare, woords duitiful hamring
For to reply. The lady ſowning mayds carrye to ſmooth bed
Of marble glittring, on beers her ſoftlye repoſing.
But the good Æneas (al thogh that he coueted hertlye,
For to ſwage her malady, with woords to qualifye ſorrows)
In groans deepe ſcalding, his kindmynd ſindged in hoatloone,
Yeet the wyl of the Godheads foloing, too nauye returneth.
Thee Troian mariners now drudge: theire fleet they doe launch foorth:
And veſſels, calcked with roaſen ſmearye, be floating.
Vp they trus oars boughed with plancks vnfinniſhed, haſtning
From thence theire paſſadge.
Now to the ſtrond may ye ſee from towne thee multitude hopping.
Much lyk when piſmers theire corne in granar ar hurding,
Careful of a winter nipping, in barns they bepiling.
Thee blackgarde marching dooth wurck, in path way, ther harneſt.
Parte of theeſe laborers on ſhoulders carrye the burdens
Of ſhocks: ſoom grangers with goade iads reſtye be pricking,
And ſpur on ants luſkiſh. with ſwinck eeche corner aboundeth.
But toe the, poore Dido, this ſight ſo ſkearye beholding,
What feeling creepeth? what ſobbing ſorroful hert ſigh
In thy corps hized, when from towre, loftelye mounted,
Thow ſaw'ſt thee banckſydes coouerd, and right to thyne eyeſight
Thow ſaw'ſt ſeas ringing with cheering clamorus hayſſayle?
Scuruye loone, in pacients what moods thow mightelye forceſt.
Now ſhe is conſtrayned, too formoure tears toe be turning.

With

With ſuit freſhlye praying, too looue ſhee tendereth hommage.
No meane vnattempted, ne vnſoght, ear that ſhe dye, leauing.
Sister An, in cluſter you ſee thee coompanye ſwarming
On the ſhoare in flockmeale: for wind theire ſayles ar hoyſted.
On ſterne thee mariners haue ſetled meerelye garlands.
If that I foremynded this greefe ſo miſcheuus hapned,
Then ſhould I, ſiſter, moderat this ſorroful hazard.
Yeet good An, ſ prey thee, doe me wretch this pleaſure in one thing.
For the chiefe of woomen this breakeuow naughtye regarded,
Chiefly e to the hee wounted to recount his priuitye ſecret.
His daps and ſweetening good moods to the ſoalye were opned.
Poſt to hym (good ſiſter) toe mye proud ſoatel ye this erraund.
ſ dyd not ranſack, with Greeks conſpiracye, Troytowne.
Nor yet agaynſt Troians ſend I enny veſſel apoincted.
Nor father Anchiſes boans cruſht ſ, ne ſcattred his aſhes.
What reaſon hym leadeth to my ſuite too boombas his hyring?
Wheather is hee flitting? To his leefe pheere graunt he this one boone,
Too ſtay for a better paſſadge, for a proſperus hufgale.
I clayme no old wedlock, that he fowly and falſlye betrayed.:
Nor that he thee regiment doo looſe of his Italye kingdooms.
I craue a vayne reſpit, but a ſpirt toe mye phrenſye relenting,
Til my fate hath ſchoold mee too mourne my deſtenye drowping.
Theeſe I craue in pardon for laſt (yeeld mercye to ſiſter)
Which when you tender, toe mye death that ſhal be requighted.
In this wiſe ſhe prayed: ſuch tears her ſiſter vnhappye
Dooth to and fro carry: but he with no tearedrop is altred:
Nor to vayne entreatings with liſtning tractable harckneth.
Thee fat's are pugnant, God, his ears quight ſtifned in hardneſſe.
Much lyke as in forreſt a long ſet dottrel, or oaktree,
With northen bluſters too parts contrayrye retoſſed:
Thee winds ſcold ſtrugling, the threſhing thick cruſh craſh is owtborne,
Thee boughs frap whurring, when ſtem with blaſtbob is hacked:
Yeet the treſtands ſturdy: for as yt toe the ſkytyp is haunced,
So far is yt crampornd with roote deepe dibled at helgat's:
So this courragious gallant with cluſtered erraunds
ſs cloyed and ſtinging ſharp car's in breſt doe lye thrilling.
His mynd vnuariant doth ſtand, tears vaynelye doe gutter.

Dido the poore Princeſſe gauld with ſuch deſtenye cutting,
Crau's mortal paſſadge: too looke toe the ſky ſhe repyneth.
And toe put her purpoſe forward, this light toe relinquiſh,
When ſhe the gift ſacrifice with the incenſe burned on altars
(Griſlye to bee ſpoaken) thee moyſture ſwartlye was altred:
And the wyne, in powring, lyke blood black ſootiſh apeered.
This too no creature, no, not to her ſiſter is opned.
Further eke in the palaice a chapel fayre marbil abydeth,
Vowd to her firſt huſband, which cel ſhee woorſhiped highlye.
With whit lillye fleſes, with garland greeniſh adorned:
Heere to her ful ſeeming ſhe dyd hyre thee clamor of elfiſh
Goaſt of her old huſband, her furth to his coompanye waſting,
When the earth with thee ſhaads of night was darcklye bemuſſled.
Alſo on thee turrets the ſkrich howle, lyke fetchlieſe yſetled,
Her burial roundel dooth ruck, and cruncketh in howling.
Sundrye ſuch od prophecyes, many ſuch prognoſticat omens,
In foretyme coyned, theire threatnings terrible vtterd.
Yea cruel Æneas in dreame to her ſeemeth apeering,
Her furious chaſing: her ſelf left alſo, ſhe deemed,
Poſt aloan, and ſoaly from woonted coompanye ſingled,
Too trauayl a iourney toe toe long, and that ſhe returneth,
Too ſeek her owne Tyrians, through cragged paſſages vncooth.
Much lyke when Pentheus thee troups ſtil of helliſh aſemblye,
And two ſoons ſhyning, and two Thebs vaynely beholdeth.
Or lyke as, in ſkaffold theaters, is touzed Oreſtes
From his dame gaſtlye fleeing, with flam's and poyſoned adders:
Or black ſcaalde ſerpents, and when that in entrye be ſetled
Sour feends grimlye gnaſhing, ramping with griſlye reuengment.
When ſhe thus in raging dyd ſwel: when plunged in anguiſh,
For to dye ſhee mynded, the mean and thee ſeaſon apoincted,
Theeſe forged ſpeeches to her ſiſter ſorroful vttring,
Shee ſhrowds her purpoſe, falſe hoape with phiſnomye feigning.
Siſter, an od by knack haue I found (now reſt ye triumphaunt)
Either this gadling ſhal ſwiftlye to mee be returned,
Or fro this hoat loone ſits I ſhal bee ſhortlye retrayted.
Where the ſun is woonted too ſet, neere the Ocean eending,
Thee laſt poinct farthest of dwellers Æthiop: Atlas

Mighty

Mighty in this region bolsters thee ſtarred Olympus.
From thence came a mayd prieſt, in ſoyle Maſſyla begotten,
Seixten of Heſperides Sinagog, this ſorceres vſed,
For too cram the dragon: ſhe, on trees, ſlips conſecrat heeded.
Hoonnye liquid ſprinckling and breede ſleepe wild popye ſtrawing.
For to fre mynds, ſnared with loue, this Margerye voucheth,
Whom ſhe wil, and oothers with loouetraps ſtronglye to fetter.
Alſo to ſtay the riuers, and back globs ſtarrye returning.
In night too cooniure ſpirits: theare ſhal ye ſe (ſiſter)
Thee ground right vnder too groane, trees bigge to fal headlong.
Thee Gods too witneſſe, ſo thee, deare ſiſter, I lykewiſe
Cal, bye thye ſweet pallet, me this hard extremitye forceth
For to put in practiſe magical feats, ſorcerye charming.
Wherefor in al ſecret let logs of tymber, in inner
Court, with ſpeede, bereked, thee ſky with loftines hitting.
Alſo ſe, that thither you bring thee martial armoure,
That the peaſaunt left heere, with al his miſfortuned enſigns.
Theare bed muſt be placed, thee wedlock bed, where I, poore wretch,
Al my bane haue purchaſte: theeſe rit's thee Cooniures aſketh,
Too burne al monuments of this curſd villenus hoap loaſt.
This ſayd, ſtreight a ſilence ſhee keep's: her phiſnomye paleth.
And yet An had nothing deemed, that Dido, the ſiſter,
Preparde theeſe burials to her ſelf, ſhe no ſuch furye caſteth.
Or that woorſe miſchief might bee to her ſiſter aproching,
Then when ſhee mourned the death of ſpouſe ſoarye, Sichœus.
Theareſor her encheaſon ſhee purueys.
But the Queene, as tymber was broght, and piled in order,
And holme logs cleaued with creſſets mounted ar added:
With twiſted garland and leau's, ſpred greenlye, ſhe garniſht
Thee place of her burial: there his armours al ſhe repoſed.
On the bed his picture ſhee ſet, ful playnely bethincking,
What would bee the ſequel. There about ſtand conſecrat altars:
With which eke embayed, the ſhe prieſt, vntreſſed in heare locks,
Hundreds of the Goaheds thriſe tolde al giddylye calleth:
Shee crieth on the Erebus darckneſſe and on Chaos hoch poch.
And the tripil dam Hecatee, with three faced angrye Diana.
Shee pours eeke the liquours vntruely of founten Auernus.

Alſo by thee moone ſhyne yoong buds, ſcant ſpirted a boone ground,
Are ſoght too be loped with a braſſye ſieth: alſo the poyſon
Cole black commixed with mylck: enquyrye was eke made,
For to ſnip, in the foaling, from front of fillye the knapknob
That the mare al greedy dooth ſnap.
Her ſelf with preſents ſtanding neere the halloed altars,
Naked in her oane ſoote, with frock vnlaced aparrayld;
Calleth at her parting on Gods: and deſtenye wytting
Thee ſtars: too the Godhead, with meeke ſubmiſſion, hartlye
Shee prayeth: yf deitee with no loare rightlye regadeth
Thee ſlip of al faythleſſe break leages, that vnequalye looued.
Neere toe dead of midnight yt drew, when member of eeche thing
Quick, and ſore labored was, with ſweet ſlumber, atached.
Thee woods are noyſeleſſe, thee ſeas late ſtormye be calmed.
Thee ſtars from the ſky top with glyding ſlipprye be ſhooting:
Thee fields and the catal bee mum: moſt queintlye bedecked
Fayre ſowls, cloſe lurcking in lak's, or ſhrowded in hard bed
Of thorny thickets, through rural countrye be napping,
In the ſilent nightyme, from thoght theire daytoyl amooving.
But the poore vnreſting Dido could catch no ſuch happye
Seaſon, too be quiet, ſhee ſleeples is onlye remayning.
Now routs of carcking troubles, with ſighs, be reſorting:
Soomtyme fits tickling of her old looue in hertroote ar itching.
Then freſh on a ſuddeyn ſhee frets, and warpeth in anger.
And bayted in tugging ſkirmiſh then thus ſhe bethoght her,
What ſhal I doo therefore? ſhal I now, lyk a caſtaway milckmadge,
On mye woers formoure bee fawning: Too Nemod emprour
Now ſhal ? meeke be ſuing, oft by mee coylye refuſed?
Therefor I muſt ſwiftly too Troian nauye be trudging,
Theare me toe bynd prentiſe, theyr wil, lyk a gally ſlaue, heeding.
And reaſon I trauayled too theym, that, by me ſo ſhielded,
My formoure beneficts defrayde ſo kindelye requited.
Wel, wel: graunt I trauayld, who would mee ſuffer? or of theym
What man, in his veſſel, prowd borne, would carrye me ſcorned?
And alas, ô ſelly woomman: yeet muſt ye be leſſond
Thee freaks, thee fickle promiſe, thee periurye Troian?
What then? with my fleeing ſhal ? track theire nauye triumphing?

Or ſhal

Or ſhal I purſu theym with ſtrong and furniſhed armye?
And my pepil ſubiect, that I brogh̄t from Sidon in hazard
Of liefe, too the ſea ward with danger ſhal they be preſſed?
Nay, nay, thye ſelf ſlaughter: thy bad lief vnhappye death aſketh.
Thow, thow, deere ſiſter, with my tears woommaniſh anguiſht,
With my phrenſie moued, to my foa dydſt caſt me ful open.
Might not I my lief tyme, luſt fleſhly and ſinful anoyding,
Spend lyk an vnreaſoned wild beaſte, and ſuch care abandon?
I kept no promiſe to the boans of godlye Sichæus.
Such playnts and quarrels in burnt breſt ſtronglye ſhe cruſhed.
Now the good Æneas embarckt in veſſel of hudgneſſe,
Certen of his paſſadge, dyd ſleepe; things duelye wel orderd.
Then toe the ſame captayne valiant, in ſlumber, apeered
Thee ſelfe ſame viſadge, that face, that phiſnomye bearing
In color, in ſpeaking, thee ſelf ſame Mercurye likning,
Forſeene in his gouldeñ fine locks, and youthlye reſemblaunce.
Thus thee wight ſleeping with a newcoom meſſage he greeteth.
Thow ſun of heunlye Godeſſe, dar'ſt thow to ſlumber in hazards?
See ye not, ò madman, what dangers ſundrye betyde you?
Heyre ye not, in liſtning, thee weſterne fortunat huffling?
Shee coyn's curſd dangers, and miſchiefs forgeth on annyl.
Too dye ſhe ſtands reſolut: ſhee ſtormeth ſweltred in anger.
Wil ye not haſte ſwiftly, whilſt leaſur is offred of haſtning?
Perdye ye ſhal ſhortly perceaue, thee ſeas toe be coouerd,
With boats, and flaming fyre worcks toe be flaſhed of eeche ſyde
Thee ſhoars, yf dawning in this fel countrye ſhal hold you.
On loa, cut of loytring, a wind fane changabil huf puffe
Always is a woomman. Thus ſayd, through nightfog he vanniſht.
Then the duke Æneas, with ſhaddow ſudden agryſed,
Vp ſtarts from ſlugiſh ſleeping, and coompanye waketh.
My men ariſe ſwiftly: to the tacklings ſpeedelye ſtick yee:
Hoiſe ſayl's with poſting: for a God from celical heunſeats
Sent, toe fle commaunds vs; lykewiſe toe cut haſtlye the cabels.
Loa yet agayne ſpurs hee. We rely toe thyn hautye beheſtings
Who th'wart, mightye Godhead; thus agayne toe thy wil we be forward.
Send thye pliaunt ſeruaunts thye good ayde, let ſtars of Olympus
Lucky aſſiſt the viadge: thus he ſayd: then naked his edgd ſword

'Brandisht from the scabard hee drew: thee cabil he swappeth.
Al they the lyke poste haste dyd make, with scarboro scrabbling.
From the shoare owt sayle they: thee sea with great fleet is hooueld.
Fluds they rake vp spuming, with keele froth fomye they furrow.
Thee next day soloing lustring Aurora lay shymring,
Her saffrond mattresse leauing to her bedfelo Tithon.
Thee Queene, when the daylight his shining brightnes afurded,
Peeps from loftye beacons, and sayling nauye beholdeth.
Thee stronds and the hauens of vessels emptye she marcketh.
Thrise, nay she foure seasons on fayre brest mightely bouncing,
And her heare owt rooting yellow: God Iuppiter, ogh lord:
Quod she, shal hee scape thus? shal a stranger geue me the slampam?
With such departure my regal segnorye frumping?
Shal not al oure subiects pursu with clamorus hu crye?
With my fleete hoate soloing shal not theire nauye be burned?
On men; alarme; fyrebrands se ye take; sayls hoyse; roa ye swiftly:
What chat? foole? What place me doth hold? What phrensye me wit-
ô forlorne Dido, now now wrawd destenye grubs the. (cheth?
This spite should be plyed, when thow thy auctoritye yeeldedst.
Marck the fayth and kindnesse, that he shews, who is soothlye repor-
Too carry his rellicques and countreye domestical house gods, (ted,
And to clap on shoulders his bedred graueporer old syre.
Could not I with my power both haue hackt and minced eke inchemeale
Thee coystrels carcasse, next in the sea deepelye toe drenche yt?
Could not I then murther, with swoord, his coompanye stragling?
Yea the lad Ascanius wel I might haue slaughtered, after
At tabil of the father too set thee chield to be maunged.
Thee chaunce in battayle, ye wil hold, is doubtful: I graunt yt.
What man had I feared, toe dye prest? I had flamed of eechesyde
Theare tents and nauy, thee child, and thee father eending.
Yea the race extirping: my self had I walloed on theym.
ô sun in heune hye beaming, who behold'st ful woorckes al earthlye:
Of theese drirye dolours eeke thow Queene Iuno the searchresse,
And Godes hauty Hecatee, that dooest wights terrifye nightlye
In pathways traueling, ye bug hags fierce set to reuengments,
You Gods al mustring to the eende of wretched Elisa,
Eare this; I doe craue you: for sin's due torture amooning.

Lysten

Lyſten too my prayers. Yf this falſe traytor in hauen
Of force muſt be placed, toe the land yf deſtenye ſling hym,
If faets of the Godheds ſo wil: theyre wyl be don hardly.
Yet let thee raſcal with ſoldiours doughtye be lugged,
Spoyled of his weapons, wandring lyke a banniſhed owtlaw:
Haalde from the embracing of his onlye beloued Iülus:
And to beg his ſuccoure: too ſee thee funeral eendinges
Wretched of his kynred: lykewiſe when he ſhal be relying
Too ſtreict condicions of peace, to vnlawful agreement:
In wiſht Princelye quiet let not thee cullion harboure:
But before his fixed death tyme let his eende be cut haſtlye,
In nauel of quickſands his corps vntumbed abyding.
Theeſe poincts humblye craue I, with blood this laſt wil I ſtabliſh.
And you my Tyrian ſubiects, this linnage heere after
Purſue with hate bitter, this gift ſe ye graunt toe myne aſhes.
Let no looue or lyking, no fayth nor leage be betweene you,
Let there one od captayne from my boans ruſtye be ſpringing,
With fire eke and weapons thee caytiefs Troian auenging:
Now; then; at eeche ſeaſon; what ſo eare ſtreingth mightye ſhal happē,
Let ſhoare bee too ſhoars, let ſeas contrarye toe ſeas ſtand,
And to armours, armours I do pray, let progenye bicker.
Shee ſayde; eke her vexte mynd ſhee toſt and tumbled in eeche ſyde,
From thee light vnſauerye to flit, with gredines, aſking.
Shee ſpeaks too Barſen thee nurſe of ſeallye Sichœus
(For then her owne mylckdame in byrth ſoyl was breathles abyding)
Good nurſe take the trauayle, too bring my ſiſter An hither.
With the waters ſtreaming let her hoale corps haſtlye be clenſed.
Thee beaſts bring ſhe with her, with theym thee forenoted offrings.
Thus let her haſte hither: let thy pate godlye be coouerd.
Too the God infernal what rits bye me bee readye, furth with
For to ende I purpoſe, my troubles wholye to finniſh:
And toe put in fire brands this Troian pedlerye truſh traſh.
This ſayd: ſhee trots on ſnayling, lyk a tooth ſhaken old hagge.
But Dido affrighted, ſtift alſo in her obſtinat onſet,
Her bludy eyes wheeling, her lyers with ſwart ſpot ydu ſked,
And eke al her viſage waning with murther aproching,
Too the inner quadrant runneth, then madlye ſhe ſcaleth

Thee top of her bauefyers, his ſwoord ſhee grappleth in handling,
I ſay the ſwoord brandiſht, toe ſuch a wild part not apointed.
When ſhe the weeds Troian dyd marck, and ſporte breder old bed:
In tears ſalt blubbring, in muſing ſtiddye remayning,
Shee fel on her mattreſſe: theeſe woords for a farewel awarding.
O my ſweet old leauings, whilſt mee good deſtenye ſuffred,
And God of his goodneſſe you mee too pleaſure alowed,
Take ye mye faynt ſpirit, mee from theeſe troubles abandon,
I liu'de and the trauayl graunted by fortun, I traced:
Alſo my goaſt ſhortly too pits of lymboe ſhal hobble.
A citty I founded ſtately, thee wals dyd ? ſee rayſd.
And the death of my huſband on freendleſſe brootherI venged.
Bleſſed had I reſted, yee thriſe moſt bleſſed, yf onlye
In theeſe my regions no Troian veſſel had anchord.
Thus ſhe ſayd, and thruſting in couche her phiſnomye cheereleſſe,
But ſhal I dy ſheepe lyke, not taking kindlye reuengment?
Yea wil ? dy, quod ſhee, what? ſo? yea, ſo wyl I pack hence.
Let the cruel Troian, this flame from mayne ſea beholding,
His panch now ſatiat, with this my deſtenye fatal.
Thus ſhe ſayd; and falling on blade with deſperat offer,
Her damſels viewd her: thee ſwoord al bluddye begoared,
And hands owt ſpreadding they beheeld; thee raiſd crye doth eccho
In the palaice: Rumor thee death through cittye doth vtter.
With ſighs, with yelling, with ſkrich, with woommaniſh howling,
Thee rafters rattle: with ſhouts thee perſt ſkye reboundeth.
With no les hudge bawling, than yf al Carthago wer enterd
By the enymy riffling, with flaming flaßhye toe ſcorch al
Thee roofs of tenements, of Gods thee conſecrat howſes.
Furth runs her ſiſter, theeſe newes vnfortunat hyring,
With nayles hir viſadge ſkratching, and mightilye rapping
Her breſt with thumping frap knocks, throughrout ſhe doth enter,
And the dying ſiſter, with roaring, lowdlye ſhe named.
Was this, deere ſiſter, youre drift? therefore ye begyld me?
And for theeſe bancquets made ? fiers, and halloed altars?
What ſhal I firſt mourne now, poore caytief, deſolat owtwayle?
In this youre parting youre ſiſters coompanye ſkornd you?
Had ye toe that blood ſhot mee byd: wee both, with one edgtoole,

And

And eke in one moment, oure passadge fatal had ended.
This labor endurd I toe this ende? Waste therefor I called
On Gods, from thye dying sharp pangs to be, wretch cruel absent.
The and my self haue? quight forlorne, thee nation hautye
Of Sidon, thy woorthye pepil, thy towne braue I batterd.
Speedelye bring me water, thee greene wound swiftlye toe souple;
And yf in her carcasse soom wind yeet softlye be breathing,
With lip? wil nurse yt: thus sayd shee climd toe the woodpile,
Claspt in her arms bracing thee panting murtheres haulf quick,
With grunt wyde gasping: thee blackned gellyeblud, hardning,
Shee skums with napkins; shee would haue lifted her eyebal,
Feeble agayne weixing shee droups; thee deadlye push yrcks her.
Thrise she dyd endeuoure, too mount and rest on her elbow;
Thrise to her bed sliding shee quayls, with whirlygig eyesight
Vp to the sky staring, with belling skrichcrye she roareth,
When she the desyred soonbeams with faynt eye receaued.
Then Iuno omnipotent long pangs, with mercye beholding,
And this her hard passadge: dyd send, from propped Olympus,
Thee lustring raynebow, from corps thee spirit anoyding,
With rustling coombat buckling, with slayne bodye iustling.
For where as her parture noe due death, nor destenye caused,
But before her season thee wretch through phrensye was ended,
Her locks gould yellow therefore Proserpina would not
Shaue from her whit pallet, ne her ding too damnable Orcus.
Than loa the fayre Raynebow saffronlyke feathered, hoou'ring
With thowsand gay colours, by the soon contrarye reshyning,
From the skye downe flickring, on her head moste ioyfulye standing,
Thus sayd: I doo Gods heast, from corps thy spirit? sunder.
Streight, with al, her fayre locks with right hand speedelye snipped:
Foorth with her heat fading, her liefe too windpuf anoyded.

FINIS.

Deo Gratias.

Opus decem dierum.

HEERE AFTER ENSVE CERTEYN PSALMES OF *Dauid*, tranſlated in too *Engliſh*, according to thee obſeruation of thee *Latin* verſes.

AS thee *Latiniſts* haue diuerſe kindes of verſes beſydes the *Heroiacal*: ſo our *Engliſh* wyl eaſelye admyt theym, althogh in thee one language or oother they ſowne not al ſo pleaſinglie too the eare (by whoſe balance thee rowling of thee verſe is too bee gaged) as the ſole *heroical*, or the *heroical* and thee *elegiacal* enterlaced one with the oother. I haue made proofe of the *Iambical* verſe in thee tranſlation of thee firſt *Pſalme* of *Dauid*, making bold with thee curteous reader, too acquaynt hym there with.

THEE FIRST PSALME OF DAVID, named in Latin, *Beatus vir*, tranſlated in too Engliſh Iambical verſe.

1 THat wight is happy and gratious,
That tracks noe wicked coompanye;
Nor ſtands in il mens ſegnorye;
In chayre ne ſits of peſtilence.

2 But in the ſound law of the lord
His mynd, or heaſt is reſiaunt:
And on the ſayd law meditat's,
With hourlye contemplation.

3 That man reſembleth verelye
The graffe bye riuer ſituat;
Yeelding abundant plentines
Of fruict, in harueſt ſeaſoned.

4 With heunlye ioyce ſtil nurriſhed
His leaſe bye no means vanniſheth;
What thing his hert endeuoureth,

Is proſpe-

Is prosperously accomplished.

5 Not so the sinful creaturs,
Not so there acts are prosperous;
But lyke the sand, or chaffye dust,
That wynddye pufs fro ground doe blow.

6 Therefor in houre iudicial,
The vngodlye shal vnhaunst remayne;
And shal be from the coompanye
Of holye men quit sundered.

7 Because the lord preciselye knows
The godlye path of goastlye men;
The fleshlye trace of filthye deeds
Shal then be cleene extinguished.

TOo my seeming (wheather I am caryed too that conceit by the vnacquaynted noouelтye, or the meigerneſſe of this kind of verſe) the *Iämbical* quantitye reliſheth ſoō what vnſauorlye in oure language, being in truth not al too geather of thee toothſoomeſt in thee *Latin*. Thee *Hexametre* entermingled with the *Pentametre* doothe carrye a good grace in the *Engliſh*, as alſo among thee *Latins*: in which kind I haue endeuoured thee tranſlation of thee ſecund *Pſalme*.

THEE SECVND PSALME, *QVARE fremuerunt gentes*, tranſlated in too Engliſh Heroical and Elegiacal verſe.

1 WYth franticque madneſſe why frets thee multitud heathen?
And to vayn attemptings what furye stirs the pepil?
2 Al thee worldlye Regents, in cluſtred coompanye, crowded,
For toe tread and trample Chriſt with his holye godhead.
3 Breake we there hard fetters, wee that be in Chriſtian houſhold,
Alſo from oure perſons pluck we there yrnye yokes.
4 Hee ſkorns theire woorcking, that dwels in bleſſed Olympus:
And at thiere brainſick trumperye follye flireth.

5 Then ſhal he ſpeake too thoſe in his hard implacabil anger,
And ſhal turmoyle theym, then, with his heauye furye.
6 I raigne and doe gouerne, as king, by the lord his apoinctment,
Of mount holye Sion; his wyl eke heunlye preaching.
7 Thee father hath ſpoaken: thow art my deerelye begotten;
This day thy perſon for my great iſſue breding.
8 Too mee frame thye prayers, eke of ethnicks the heyre wil I make the,
Alſo toe thy ſeiſin wyde places earthlye giue I.
9 With the rod hard ſteeled thow ſhalt theyre villenye trample;
Lyke potters pypkin naghtye men eaſlye breaking.
10 You that ar earthlye Regents, Iudges terreſtrial harcken,
With the loare of vertu warelye too be ſcholed.
11 Too God youre ſeruice with feareful duitye betake yee;
With trembling gladneſſe yeeld to that highnes honor.
12 Lerne wel youre leſſons, leaſt that God ruffle in anger,
And fro the right ſtragling, with furye ſnacht, ye periſh.
13 When with ſwift poſting his dangerus anger aprocheth,
They ſhal bee bleſſed which in his help be placed.

IN thee ſecund verſe I tranſlate, *Chriſte with his heunlye Godhead*, and yeet thee *Latin* renneth, *aduerſus dominum & aduerſus Chriſtum eius* Wherein I offer no violence too thee mynd and meaning of thee *Prophet*. For his drift in this *Pſalme* tendeth too thee reclayming of earthlye *potentats* from thee vayne enterprice they take in hand, in thee ſuppreſsing of *Chriſt* his kingdoō: which by two meanes hathe beene attēpted. Thee one whē oure *Saluioure* was heere in thee earthe, whom thee *Iewes* and *gentils* crucified: thee oother after his *Aſcention*, when his *elect* weare and now are daylye perſecuted by thee *miſcreaunts*, which perſecution *Chriſt* dooth accoumpt his
Act. 9. 4. *owne*, as when he challenged *Saul*, hee demaunded why he dyd perſecute hym: accoumpting thee *perſecution* of his *members* too be his *owne*. And to thee lyke purpoſe thee *apoſtels* applye this *Pſalme* in
Actor. 4. 25 thee 4. of the *Actes*. Now thee *Prophet* vnfoldeth thee vanitye of thee *Iewes* and *gentils* in conſpiring too geather too ſurprice thee regimēt of *Chriſte*, in that hee is *God*, and that he is the *eternal Soon*
Matt. 28. 18. of thee *father*, too whom al *power* is geeuen in *heuen* and *earth*, as wel with iuſtice too cruſhe thee reprobat, as with mercye too ſalue thee

thee elect. Therefor yt ſtandeth with thee meaning of thee *Prophet*, too aduouch thee empugning of *Chriſt*, too bee the impugning of *God*, in that hee is both *God* and *man*: *God* of thee ſubſtance of his *father* begotten before thee worlds, and *man* of thee ſubſtãce of his *moother* borne in thee world. And that thee *ſoõ* was before al worlds begotten of thee *father* is playnelye notified in thee ſeuenth verſe, where thee *father* ſayeth too thee *ſoon*, this *day I haue begotten thee*: ſignifiing, by *this day*, *Eternitye*: in which generation is neither tyme too coõ, nor tyme paſt, nor anye changeable ſeaſon, but alwayes thee ſelf ſame immutable *eternitye* too bee conſidered. And therefor in thee 12. verſe, thee *Prophet* layeth downe an exhortation too theeſe men of ſtate, not onlye not too band agaynſt *Chriſte*, but alſo too ſubmit theymſelues too his loare, as too *God*, who would haue his *ſoon* honored: which verſe I haue tranſlated according too thee vulgar edition, *apprehendite diſciplinam*, where with thee *Greeke* text, δράξασθε παιδίας, and alſo the *Chaldye* interpretoure agreeth, as *Petrus Galatinus* hath obſerued: yeet thee *Hebrue Nas ku bar*, or *Naſſecu Bar*, may bee too more aduantadge of vs *Chriſtans*, and too thee confuſion of thee *Iewes* ootherwiſe tranſlated. *S. Hierom* turneth yt, *adore purely*, or *adore thee ſoon*, which approoueth thee deitye of *Chriſt*: *Felix* tranſlateth yt, *kiſſe thee ſoon*, or *embrace thee ſoon*: wherein alſo the prerogatiue of *Chriſt* is manifeſted. For by thee *kiſſing of thee ſoon* is ſignifyed thee embracing of his power and doctrin: which hath beene deliuered from thee mouth of thee *almightye* too his ſeruaũtes by thee handes of his *Prophets* and *Apoſtles*. And therefore thee auncient *Talmudiſtes* expound, in this wiſe, that of thee *Canticles*, *Oſculetur me oſculo oris ſui*, let hym kiſſe mee with thee kiſſe of his owne mouth: that is, let thee *Meſſias*, who is the ſoõ of *God*, inſtruct mee with his owne mouth. Let not *Moyſes* bee ſent, who is tongue tyed; nor *Eſaias*, that acknowlegeth his lips too bee polluted; Nor *Ieremye*, that ſayd hee could not ſpeake; but let thee verye *ſoon* of God, who is thee *fathers* wiſdoom and force coom, and with his mouth leſſon and enſtruct mee. So that al beyt thee word (*Bar*) may emport ſoomtyme learning, ſoomtyme corne, ſoõtyme that which is pure or cleene, yet eftſoõs yt notifieth a ſũne. As *Barptolomeus*, yf we reſpect the *etymologye* of thee woord, ſignifieth thee *ſoon* of *Ptolomeus*, *Barnabas*, thee *ſoon* of a *Prophet*,

Athan. in Symb.

Petrus Galat. de archã Catho. Veri. lib. 3. cap. 6.

Hierony. in Pſal. 2.

Canti. 1. 1.

Exodi 4. 10.

Eſai. 6. 5.

Ierem. 1. 6.

Hieron. In apologi. cont. Ruffin. cap. 5

as is learnedly expounded by *S. Hierom* in his *apologye* agaynſt *Ruffinus*. But too returne too oure *Engliſh* verſes, I haue attempted thee tranſlation of thee third *Pſalme* in thee *Aſclepiad* kind: which alſo, in my phantaſye, is not alſo pleaſaunt in thee *Engliſh*: but that I refer too thee iudgment of thee reader.

THEE THIRD PSALME, NAMED,
Domine, quid multiplicati ſunt, tranſlated in too Engliſh Aſclepiad verſe.

1 *LOrd, my drirye foes Why doe (they) multiplye?*
Mee for too ruinat ſundrye be coouetous.
2 *Hym ſhields not the godhead. ſundrye ſay too mye ſoule.*
3 *Th'art, lord moſt vigilant, wholye mye ſuccorer,*
And in the al mye ſtaying ſhal be ſtil harbored:
T W'art my moſte valiant victorye glorious.
4 *To our lord lowd I cryed: from holye place herd he mee.*
5 *In graue new buryed faſt haue I ſlumbered.*
I roſe too liefe agayn through God his hollines.
6 *I feare not furious multitud infinit,*
With coompaſſe laboring, my bodye for toe catche.
Riſe Lord omnipotent, help me, mye champion.
7 *Lord, thy cleere radiaunt righteus equitye*
Hath ſquiſd al mye foes, falſlye me ranſaking.
8 *Oure Lord participats ſaulftye with happines:*
With gifts, heunlye Godhead, thy pepil amplye bliſſe.

BVt of al theeſe bace and foote verſes (ſo I terme al ſauluing thee *Heroical* and *Elegiacal*) thee *Saphick*, too my ſeeming, hath thee prehemynencye, which kind I haue aſſayed in thee paraphraſtical tranſlation of thee fourth *Pſalme*.

THEE FOVRTH PSALME, NAMED,
Cùm inuocarem, paraphraſticalye tranſlated in too Engliſh Saphick verſe.

1 *WHen that I called, With an humbil owtcrye,*
Thee God of Iuſtice, meriting mye ſaulftye,

In many

In many dangers mye weake hert vpholding
Swiftlye dyd hyre mee.
2 *Therefor al freſly, lyke one oft enured*
With thye great goodneſſe, yet agayne doe craue thee,
Mercye too render, With al eeke toe graunt mee
Gratius harckning.
3 *Wherefore of mankind ye that are begotten,*
What ſpace and ſeaſon doe ye catche for hardneſſe,
Vanitee looking, toe toe fondlye ſearching
Trumperye falſhood.
4 *Know ye for certeyn, that our heunlye rectoure*
His ſacred darling ſpecialye chooſed:
And the lord therefor, when I pray, Wil harcken
Too mye requeſting.
5 *For ſyn expyred ſe ye reſt in anger,*
And future treſpas, With al haſte, abandon:
When that in ſecret ye be fleaſhlye tickled,
Run toe repentaunce.
6 *Righteous incenſe ſacrifice heere after*
In God, oure guider, your hole hoape repoſing.
Fondlye doo diuerſe ſay, what hautye great lord
Vs doth inhable.
7 *Thy ſtar of goodneſſe in vs is reſhining,*
Sound reaſon graunting, with al heunlye coomfort:
With theſe hudge preſents toe myne hert afurding
Gladnes abundant.
8 *Theare Wheat and vineyards, that ar haplye ſprouting,*
And oyle, in plenty toe the ſtore cel hurded,
With pryde, and glory to the ſtars inhaunceth
Worldlye men huffing.
9 *Thogh that I ſee not, with a carnal eyſight,*
Thee blis and glory, that in heun is harbourd:
Yeet With hoape ſtand I, toe be theare repoſed,
And toe be reſting.
10 *By reaſon that thow, my God heunlye, ſetledſt*
Mee, thye poore ſeruaunt, in hoape, and that highlye:
Too be partaker With al heunlye dwellers
Of thye blis happye.

A prayer

A PRAYER TOO THEE TRINITYE.

TRinitee bleſſed, deitee coëqnal,
Vnitee ſacred, God one eeke in eſſence,
Yeeld toe thy ſeruaunt, pitifullye calling
Merciful hyring.
Vertuus liuing dyd ſ long relinquiſh,
Thy wyl and precepts miſerablye ſcorning,
Graunt toe mee, ſinful pacient, repenting,
Helthful amendment.
Bleſſed I iudge hym, that in hert is healed:
Curſed I know hym, that in helth is harmed:
Thy phyſick therefore, toe me, wretch vnhappye,
Send, mye Redeemer.
Glorye too God, thee father, and his onlye
Soon, the protectoure of vs earthlye ſinners,
Thee ſacred ſpirit, laborers refreſhing,
Stil be renowmed. Amen.

HEERE AFTER ENSVE certayne Poëtical Conceites.

A diuiſe made by *Virgil*, or rather by ſoom oother vpon a Riuer ſo hard frozen, that waynes dyd paſſe ouer yt: varyed ſundrye wayes, for commendacion, as yt ſhould ſeeme, of the *Latin* tongue, and thee ſame varietye dubled in thee *Engliſh*.

1 QVa ratis egit iter, iuncto boue, plauſtra trahuntur;
Poſtquam triſtis hyems frigore vinxit aquas.
2 Suſtinet vnda rotam, patulæ modò peruia puppi:
Vt concreta gelu marmoris inſtar habet.
3 Quas modò plauſtra premunt vndas, ratis antè ſecabat:
Poſtquam brumali diriguere gelu.
4 Vnda rotam patitur, celerem nunc paſſa carinam:
In glaciem ſolidam verſus vt amnis abit.
5 Quæ ſolita eſt ferre vnda rates, fit peruia plauſtris:
Vt ſtetit in glaciem marmore verſa nouo.

6 Semi-

6 Semita ſit plauſtro, quà puppis adunca cucurrit:
Poſtquam frigoribus bruma coëgit aquas.
7 Orbita ſignat iter, modò quà cauus alueus exit:
Strinxit aquas tenues vt glacialis hyems.
8 Amnis iter plauſtro dat, qui dedit antè carinæ:
Duruit vt ventis vnda, ſit apta rotis.
9 Plauſtra boues ducunt, quà remis acta carina eſt:
Poſtquam diriguit craſſus in amne liquor.
10 Vnda capax ratium plauſtris iter algida præbet:
Frigoribus ſæuis vt ſtetit amnis iners.
11 Plauſtra viam carpunt, quà puppes ire ſolebant:
Frigidus vt Boreas obſtupefecit aquas.

THEE SAME ENGLISHED.

1 *WHeare ſhips ſayld, the wagons are now drawn ſtronglye with oxen:*
For that thee ſeaſon froſtye dyd hold the water.
2 *Theare the wagon runneth, wheare whillon veſſel hath hulled:*
For that thee marbil froſtye made hard the riuer.
3 *Theare placed is the wagon, wheare boats road grapled at anchour:*
When that a could wynter thee water haſtye ſtayed.
4 *Now the car is trayled, wheare barges latelye repayred:*
When that cold Boreas chillye did hold the riuer.
5 *Where ſhips haue trauayled, theare now cars ſundrye be tracing:*
When nipping wynter thee riuer hardlye ſtoped.
6 *Theare the coch is running, wheare latelye the nauye remayned:*
When that the northen froſtye gale hemd the riuer.
7 *Now the naue hath paſſage, wheare keele was latelye repoſed:*
By reaſon of wynters froſt, that hath hyd the water.
8 *Thee water vp the wagons dooth prop, that veſſel hath harbourd:*
Beecauſe that the riuer froſtines yſye tyed.
9 *Now the wagon rowleth, wheare lighters hulled in hauen:*
When that a froſt knitting ſtronglye witheeld the riuer.
10 *Wheare the ſhip earſt ſayled, the cart his paſſage on holdeth:*
When thee froſtye weather thee water hardlye glued.
11 *Now the wayn is propped, whear to earſt thee gallye reſorted:*
For that thee Winters hoare glue reteynd the water.

SO MANY TYMES IS THE *LATIN* varyed, and yeet as manye tymes more for the honoure of thee Englisſh.

1 THeare chariots doe trauayle, wheare late the great argoſſye ſayled:
By reaſon of the riuer knit with a froſtye ſoder.
2 Wheare the great hulck floated, theare now thee cartwheele is ha-
Thee water hard curded with the chil yſſye rinet. (gling:
3 Where ſkut's furth laũched, theare now thee great wayn is entred:
When the riuer frized by reaſon of the weather.
4 Wheare rowed earſt mariners, theare now godye carman abydeth,
Thee flud, congealed ſtifflye, relats the reaſon.
5 Now the place of ſayling is turnd to a carter his entrye,
This change thee winters chillines hoarye bredeth.
6 Now wayns and chariots are drawne, wheare nauye dyd harrow:
This new found paſſadge froſtines hoarye ſhaped.
7 Wheare barcks haue paſſed, with cart's that parcel is haunted:
From woonted moyſture for that ice heeld the water.
8 Wheare ſtems haue trauerſd, there haue oxen traced in headſtal:
By reaſon yſe knitting thee water heeld froe floing.
9 Wheare the flye boat coaſted, theare cart wheels cluſtred ar hobling
This new ſtrange paſſadge winter his hoarnes habled.
10 Earſt the flud, vpbearing thee ſhip, now the cart wheele vpholdeth.
When water is ioygned firmlye with hoarye weather.
11 Whear ruther ſteered, thee goad theare poaked hath oxen:
Thee winters coldneſſe thee riuer hardlye roching.

Thee deſcription of *Liparen*, expreſſed by *Virgil* in thee eight booke of his *Æneis*, in which place, thee *Poët* played, as yt weare, his price, by aduauncing at ful thee loftines of his veyne: doon in too *Engliſh* by thee tranſlatoure for his laſt farewel too thee ſayd *Virgil*.

TW*ard* Sicil *is ſeated, toe the welken loftelye peaking,*
A ſoyl, ycleapt Liparen, *from* whẽce, *with flownce furye ſlinging,*
Stoans, and burlye bulets, lyke tamponds, maynelye be towring.
Vnder is a kennel, wheare Chymneys fyrye be ſcorching
Of Cyclopan *toſters, with rent rocks chamferye ſharded,*

Lowd

Lowd dub a dub tabering with frapping rip rap of Ætna.
Theare ſtroaks ſtronglye threſhing, yawl furth groans, ſtamped on anuyl.
In the den are drumming gads of ſteele, parchfulye ſparckling;
And flam's fierclye glowing from fornace flaßhye be whiſking.
Vulcan *his hoate fordgharth, namde eeke thee* Vulcian *Iſland.*
Downe from the heunlye palace trauayled thee fyrye God *hither.*
In this caue the rakehels yrne bars, bigge bulcked, ar hamring.
Brotes, *and* Steropes, *with baerlym ſwartye* Pyracmon.
Theeſe thre were vpbotching, not ſhapte, but partlye wel onward,
A clapping fyerbolt (ſuch as oft, with rownce robel hobble,
Ioue *toe the ground clattreth) but yeet not finniſhed holye.*
Three ſhowrs *wringlye wrythen glimring, and forceblye ſowcing;*
Three watrye clowds *ſhymring toe the craft they rampyred hizing,*
Three wheru's *fyerd glyſtring, with* Soutwynds *rufflered huffling.*
Now doe they rayſe gaſtly lyghtnings, now griſlye reboundings
Of ruffe raffe roaring, mens herts with terror agryſing.
With peale meale ramping, with thwick thwack ſturdelye thundring.
Theyre labor hoat they folow: toe the flame fits gyreful awarding.
And in an od corner, for Mars *they be ſternfulye flayling*
Hudge ſpoaks and chariots, by the which thee ſurlye God, *angerd,*
Haſtye men enrageth, too wrath towns bat'ful on eggeth.
And they be freſh forging toe the netled Pallas *an armoure,*
With gould ritchlye ſhrined, wheare ſcaals be ful horriblye clincked
Of ſcrawling ſerpents, *with ſculcks of poyſoned* adders.
In breſt of the Godeſſe Gorgon *was cocketed hardlye,*
With nodil vnioynted, by death, light vital amooving.
Voyd ye fro theeſe flamfews, quoa the God, *ſet a part the begun wurck.*

THEE LOOVER LONG SOGHT VNtoo by his freēd, at laſt repayreth too her preſence: and after a fevv meetinges ſmelling thee drift of thee moother, vvhich earſt hee dyd forcaſt, too tēd too the preferring of her daughter in marriadge, refrayneth the gentlevvomans coompanye, thogh eftſoones too thee contrarye ſollicited, as one vnvvylling too marry at al, and verye loath too mar ſo curteous a dame: and therfor, for thee preſeruatiō of her honoure, and too auoyd the encoūbraunce of *loone*, hee curbeth *affectiō* vvith *diſcretion*, and thus deſcanteth on the playne ſong.

VNtoe this hard paſſadge (good God) what phrenſye dyd hale mee?
From thye quiet ſeruice my ſelf too ſlau'rye betaking.
Vntoe the lure ſmoothly, with faynd ſolemnitye, trayned.
Fiue moonths ful ſhe plyed: means made: dreams ſundrye related.
If we met in walcking, what ſcarlet bluſh ſhe reſembled?
Her color oft altreth: with loou's hoat palſye ſhe trembleth.
Back goth her eye glauncing: a ſigh herd; moods chaungabil vttred.
I litle accoumpted, God knows, thee curteſye proferd.
Stil dyd I keepe backward, what I find, tym's ſundrye forvttring.
For toe loue a ſtranger, ſcarce ſeene, what ſound reaſon egs her?
But reaſon in loouepangs who ſeeketh? a wooman eke hateth,
Or loou's extreemely: no meane, no meaſure is extant.
At length woon bye prayer to her lodge my paſſage I bended;
Lumps of looue promiſt, nothing perfourmed in earneſt.
Forgerye thee pandar: thee meſſadge mockrye: the moother
Thee knot of al the lying, thee virgin faultles is onlye.
But ſhal I looue the lady, ſo as Petrarck Laura regarded?
In paper her dandling? her perſon neauer atayning?
Such ſport fits the Poëts, whom rauing phantaſye ſotteth.
I doe wake, I dreame not: noe ſuch yncknorne vanitye feeds mee.
Thee bodye, not ſhaddow: no woords, but wurckes I coouet.
Marriage is profred: that yoke thee looner abhorreth.
And toe mar a virgin, to a freend ſuch curteſye tendring,
Were not a practiſe honeſt, nor a preede toe be greatlye recounted.
Thee rinet of freendſhip, vertu, ſuch treacherye damneth.
What man of ennye reaſon with villenye vertue requyteth.
Reſt the quiet therefore: flee from theeſe dangerus hard rocks,
Whereto loue oft leadeth, with ſtormes thee paſſage is haunted.
Great trauayl in the ſueing, thee profred curteſye ſkorned.
If ſhe coye, that kendleth thee fondling looner his onſet:
Greedelye wee coouet, that was to vs flatlye refuſed.
Queynt of a kiſſe publicque, lewd luſt with nicitye maſking.
Such woomens negatiues for a yeelding, yea Syr, ar holden.
What doth auayl, minion, this ſleight and treacherye cogging.
Cleaue toe the ſound Caſtè, flee from thee patcherye Cautè.
Then freſh agayne prayeth hee, percaſe thee ſuitur is eared.
Wel: the woer gayneth the requyred victorye. What then?

Is the

Is the trauayl finnisht? are pleasurs onlye then hoouering?
Nay: then thy misery, thine hel eeke theare taketh his entraunce.
Now thye sleepe is scanted, now stinging ielosye fretteth.
Dame Venus and kingdooms can no riualitye suffer.
Her fauor hee gayned with a beck: that burneth in entrayls.
Who deems yt wisdoom with glasse too rampyre a Bulwarck?
Men say, that a changing of pasture maketh a fat calfe.
A Calf yt maketh; toe the fat let a grasier aunswere.
That wil a way, who can hold? such challeng therefor abandon.
Robbrye *toe bee* purchase, *soom terme eeke* leacherye solace.
She kept no promise: that would be a quarrel in earnest.
Now wars proclaymed, peace agayne now freshlye renewed.
Now theese suspicions, now that surmises ar opned.
Now beldam Brokresse must bee with moonnye rewarded.
Veritye detesting, noght els but vanitye babling.
This gowne youre loone mate, that kyrtil costlye she craneth,
This pearle, that diamond, this massiue garganet asking.
Noght may ye forsake her: that would bee felonye deemed.
Ielosye *thee person, thee purse eeke* penurye *pincheth.*
Is this an heun, trow you? fro that heun Gods mercye wythold mee.
Pleasure is vnpleasaunt that purchaseth heauye repentaunce.
In so much as therefore this great vexation haunteth
Al such as are loouers, and wished bootye doe coompasse:
I doe renounce flatly thee fielde, such victorye skorning,
Too mye fredoom formere my self from slauerye reclayming.

AN ENDEVOVRED DESCRIPtion of his *Mystresse.*

NAture in her woorcking soomtyme dooth pinche lyke a niggard,
Dissiguring creatures, lyms with deformitye dusking.
This man is vnioynted, that swad lyke a monster abydeth;
Shee limps in the going, this slut with a cammoysed hancks nose,
And as a Cow wasted plods on, with an head lyke a lutecase.
Theese faultes fond Hodipecks impute too Nature, as yf she
Too frame were not habil gems with rare dignitye lustring.
Wherfor in aduisment laboring too cancel al old blots,

And toe make a patterne of price, thee mayſtrye toe pubbliſh:
For toe ſhape a peerleſſe paragon ſhee mynded, aſembling
Her force and cunning: for a ſpirt lands ſundrye refuſing,
And with al her woorckmat's trauayling ſhee lighteth in Holland,
Round too the Hage *poſting, to the world* Marye *matchles auauncing.*
In bodye fine fewterd, a braue Brownnetta; *wel handed;*
Her ſtature is coomly; not an ynch toe ſuperfluus holding;
Gratius in viſadge; with a quick eye prittelye glauncing;
Her lips lyke corral rudye, with teeth lillye whit eeuened.
Yoong in age, in manners and nurture ſage ſhe remayneth;
Baſhful in her ſpeaking; not raſh, but watchful in aunſwer;
Her look's, her ſimpring, her woords with curteſye ſweetning;
Kynd and alſo modeſt; lyking with chaſtitye lyncking;
And in al her geſturs obſerning coomlye Decorum.
But toe what eend labor I, me toe preſſe with burden of Ætna:
Thee ſtars too number, poincts playnely vncounct abil opning.
Whuſt: not a woord: a ſilence ſuch a taſk impoſſibil aſketh.
Her vertu *meriteth more prayſe, than parlye can vtter.*

HIS DEVISE WRYTTEN in his *myſtreſſes* booke.

HAga Hollandorum vario ſplendore refulget;
Solis in hac lumen ſola *Maria* tenet.

THEE SAME ENGLISHED.

THee fine Hage excelleth with luſturs ſundrye reſhyning,
Thee Sun hath his brightneſſe in Marye *ſolye placed.*

THREE ESPECIAL GIFTES, wherein his *myſtreſſe* excelleth.

THree poincts my myſtreſſe *with paſſing dignitye garniſh.*
Coomlynes *of perſon thee firſt ranck rightlye reteigneth:*
Curteſye *keeps the Secund: thee third row* Chaſtitye *claymeth:*
For ſo fayre a Paragon, *with booxom deboynar vſadge;*
And ſo pure a Virgin, *with ſo rare vertue bedecked:*
Sundrye may wel wiſh for. Marye *muſt be the* Principal *holden.*

OF

OF A CRAKING CVTTER, extracted owt of Syr *Thomas Moore* his Latin Epigrams.

LInckt was in wedlock a loftye Thraſonical huf ſnuffe:
Jn gate al on typſtaues ſtalcking, in phiſnomye daring.
This cutter valiant in warfare ſoght his auenture.
Thee whilſt his minion, with carnal wantones itching,
Chooſte for a freend ſecret no woorſe, then a countrye lob heerd ſwayne.
A pray for a paragon: but what? thee knurrye knob oake tree,
Thogh craggy in griping, in ſtrength ſurpaſſeth a ſmooth ſlip.
When Thraſo from bickrings, not bluddye, returned is homeward,
Of this hap aduertiſde, with frantick iellouſye taynted,
Hee ſeeks in thee fields, with ſwift enquirye, the riual.
Stay vagabund raſkal (ſo he ſpake when he ſpyde the lob heerd hyne)
Thee clowne ſtout ſtandeth with a leſhe of bulleted hard ſtoans;
Then Thraſo with naked flatchet, with thunderus owtcrye
Sayd: thow ſcuruye peaſaunt, my wiefe th' haſt, villen, abuſed.
My bed defiled: lyke a breakloone mak' bat adultrer.
Al this J deny not, quoa the clowne: and what then: I pray thee?
Dooſt thow confeſſe yt? Thraſo ſayd: bye the bleſſed aſemblye
Of the heunly ſociats, hadſt thow thy knauerye reneaged,
This mye blade in thye body ſhould bee with ſpeedines hafted.

OF A TEMPEST QVAYLING certeyn paſſengers borowed of thee ſame Syr *Thomas Moore.*

THeare roſe in ſayling a rough tempeſtuus owtrage,
With watrye plaſh bouncing, thee ribs of giddye ſhip hitting.
Thee mariners fearing, al hoap eeke of ſalſtye reiecting,
Sayd: that a bad liuing eke a bad death rightlye requyred.
Al that are in paſſadge to a munck, father holye, reſorted,
Who was eke embarcked, to hym theyre confeſſion opning.
Howbeyt thee ſtormy ruffling is no whit abated;
But thee rough billows the ſhip toe toe terriblye charged.
T wiſh, What woonder is yt, quod one of thee coompanye, chauffing,

If that

If that thee veſſel with weight moſte ſinful is heauye.
Duck we the munck therefor, that al oure falts wholye receaued,
Haſtlye let hym toe the ſeas oure ſyns and villenye carrye.
Al they be contented, thee munck they ſpedelye plunged:
Ceaſt was thee tempeſt, yf truth lee truelye related.
Heereby wee be ſcholed, what poyſe ſin ponderus holdeth,
That with an hudge and weightye balas ſurchargeth a veſſel.

HESPERVS HIS CONFESSION, written in Latin by the Sayd Syr *Thomas Moore.*

Hesperus his faulty liuelood too cal toe recounting
Mynding, too be ſhriuen with woont accuſtomed haſtned.
When that he told playnely, what crym's moſt ſinful he practiſd,
Yeet thee goaſtlye father laboring more deepelye toe ranſack
His formere liuing; by diſtinct article aſked
Eu'rye ſyn, and naming by peecemeal curius eche fault,
At leingth demaunded, wheather, with ſorcerye blinded,
Erſt he beleefe yeelded toe the bugs infernal? here aunſwerd
Hesperus: holye father, doe ye thinck me ſoe madlye bewitched
Too beleue in the deuils? I tel you truelye, toe great payn's
Stil I take enduring, in God yeet ſcantlye beleeuing.

OF TYNDARVS, THAT FRVMped a gentlewoman for hauing a long noſe, deliuered by the *former author* in Latin.

Tyndarus attempting too kis a fayre laſſe with a long noſe,
Would needs bee finiſh, with bitter frumperye taunting.
In vayn I doo coouet my lips too linck toe thye ſweete lips,
Thy noſe, as a ſtickler, toe toe long vs parteth a ſunder.
Heere the mayd al baſhful, the vnſau'ry ſaucines heeding:
With choler oppreſſed, thus ſhrewdlye toe Tyndarus aunſwerd,
Syth mye noſe owtpeaking, good ſyr, your liplabor hindreth,
Hardlye ye may kiſſe mee, where no ſuch gnomon apeereth.

EPI. A-

SYR THOMAS MOORE HIS receipt for a ſtrong breath tranſlated owt of his Latin Epigrames.

FIrſt for a ſtrong ſauoure ſtincking, a leeke *may be taken:*
That ſent too banniſh, thee beſt is an Onion *eaten.*
And toe repeal lykwiſe that ſauoure, garlik *is holſoom.*
If that theeſe ſimples wyl not thee filthod abandon,
A roſe, or els nothing that drafty infirmitye cureth.

HEERE AFTER ENSVE CERteyn *Epitaphes* framed as wel in *Latin* as *Engliſh.*

AN EPITAPH DEVISED VPON thee death of thee right honourable *James* earle of *Ormond* and *Oſſorye*, who deceaſed at Elye houſe in Holborne about thee yeere 1546. thee xviij. of October, and lieth buryed in S. *Thomas Acres* church, Extracted owt of thee third booke of thee Hiſtorye of Irelād.

COr patriæ fixum viuens, iam redditur illi
Poſt mortem, patriæ quæ peracerba venit.
Non ſine corde valet mortalis viuere quiſquam;
Vix tua gens vita permanet abſque tua.
Quæ licet infœlix extincto corde fruatur,
Attamen optato viuere corde nequit.
Ergo quid hæc faciat? quem re non poſsit amorem,
Cordi vt tam charo reddere corde velit.

THis *earle* was a goodlye and perſonable man: ful of honour, which was not only lodgd inwardly in his mynd, but alſo hee bare yt owtwardlye in countenaunce. As franck and as liberal as his calling requyred. A deepe and a far reatching head. In a good quarel rather ſtout then ſtubborne, bearing hym ſelf with no leſſe courage, when

ge, when hee reſiſted, than with honourable diſcretion where hee yeelded. A fauourer of *peace*, no furtherer of *war*, as one that preferd vnlawful quietneſſe beefore vpright troubles, beeing notwyth ſtanding of as great wiſdoom in thee one, as of valour in thee oother. An earneſt and zealous vpholder of his countrye, in al attemptes rather reſpecting thee publicque weale, than his priuat gayne. Wherebye hee bound his coũtrye ſo greatly vntoo hym, that Irelãd might with good cauſe wiſh, that either hee had neauer beene borne, or elles that hee had neauer deceaſed, ſo yt were lawful, too craue hym immortal, that by courſe of nature was framed mortal. And too giue ſufficient proof of thee entyre affection hee bare his countrye, and of thee zealouſe care hee dyd caſt thereon, hee beetoke in his death bed his *ſoule* too *God*, his *carcaſſe* too *Chriſtian burial*, and his *hert* too his *countrye*, declaring thereby, that where his mynd was ſetled in his liefe, his hert ſhould bee theare entumbed after his death. Which was according too his wyl accompliſht. For his hert was conueighed in too *Ireland*, and lyeth engraued in thee chore of thee cathedral church in *Kilkennye*, where his aucetours, for thee more parte, are buryed. Vpon which kind legacye thee abooue wryten *Epitaph* was deuiſed.

VPON THEE DEATH OF THEE lord of thee owt Iſles of *Scotland*: of whom mention is made in thee third book of thee Hiſtor. of Ireland.

Vique manuque mea patriæ dum redditur exſul,
Exſul in externa cogor & ipſe mori.

THis noble man aſsiſting thee earle of *Lennox* eended his lief at *Howth* preſently vpon his arriual, and was with great ſolemnitie buried in S. *Patrick* his church at *Dublin*: circa Annum Domini M. D. XLIII.

VPON

VPON THEE DEATH OF HIS father, *James Stanyhurſt* Eſquyer, who deceaſed at Dublyn Anno 1573. xxvij. of December, ætatis LI.

VIta breuis, mors ſancta fuit (pater optime) viſa:
Vita timenda malis, mors redamanda bonis.
Vrbs eſt orba ſopho; legum rectore tribunal;
Cauſidicoque cliens; atque parente puer.
Plurima proferrem, ſed me prohibere videtur
Pingere vera dolor, fingere falſa pudor.
Non opus eſt falſis, ſed quæ ſunt vera loquenda,
Non mea penna notet, buccina fama ſonet.
Hoc ſcripſiſſe ſatis; talem, quandoque, parentem
Eſt habuiſſe decus, ſed caruiſſe dolor.
Filius hæc dubitans talem vix comperit vſquam
Vllus in orbe patrem, nullus in vrbe parem.
Mortuus ergo, pater, poteris bene viuus haberi,
Viuis enim mundo nomine, mente deo.

VPON THEE DEATH OF his father in law *Syr Chriſtofer Barnewal* knight.

LÆta tibi, ſed mœſta tuis mors accidit iſta:
Regna dat alta tibi, damna dat ampla tuis.
Lętus eſt in cœlis vllo ſine fine triumphans,
Mœſtus at in terris diues inopſque iacent.
Nam ſapiente caret diues, qui parta gubernet,
Nec, qui det miſero munera, pauper habet.
Te gener ipſe caret, viduæ, te ruſtica turba,
Atque vrbana cohors te (Socer alme) caret
Non eſt digna viro talis reſpublica tanto,
Nam ſanctos ſedes non niſi ſancta decet.
Mira loquor, ſed vera loquor, non ficta reuoluo,
Si maiora loquar, nil niſi vera loquar.

Mortuus es? nobis hoc crimina noſtra dederunt.
Mortuus es? virtus hoc tibi ſacra dedit.
Viuus es in cœlo, dedit hoc tibi gratia Chriſti,
Viuus vt in mundo ſis, tibi fama dabit.

CHriſtophorus Barnewallus, vir equeſtris ordinis, vetere ac illuſtri familia procreatus, cùm eſſet admodũ adoleſcens ad clariſſimam Oxonienſem Academiam à præſtantiſsimis parentibus miſſus ſummè erat eloquentiæ atque philoſophiæ ſtudioſus. Quę cùm magno ſtudio curaque diſceret; Londinum profectus eſt, vbi in hoſpitium Graienſe cooptatus cognitionem Britannici iuris bene laudabilem erat conſecutus. Cùm verò non multùm à tanti operis perfectione abeſſet, optimus & amantiſsimus eius pater hoc interim ſpacio (anima à corpore ſemota & diſcluſa) hinc demigrauit. Quo audito, Chriſtophorus ſe ſtatim in patriam, cum omniũ applauſu, contulit, atque ibi patrimonium ſuum, quod ei iam tum ſatis amplum pater reliquerat, ſumma æquabilitate ac recta conſcientia, ſine vllius offenſione amplificauit. Mira erat vitę eius integritas; prędicabilis erga deum ſanctitas; admirabilis in patriam pietas. Nulla verò in tota regione erat hoſpitalitas, quæ vix poſſet cum illius hoſpitalitate conferri. Sapientia præditus profectò ſingulari. In vrbe gratia, ruri auctoritate florebat. Vir erat vt corpore, ita valetudine plærumque imbecillior, natura mitiſsimus, in iniurijs ferendis patientiſsimus, in repellendis fortiſsimus, in repub. defendenda acerrimus. Nono Calend. Auguſti ex itinere in febrim incidit, cuius dolore paucis poſt diebus, cum totius reipub. eiulatu ac lamentatione, conſumtus eſt: annos natus 42. Anno Domini 1575.

VPON THEE DEATH OF HIS wief *Genet*, daughter too Syr *Chriſtofer Barnewal* knight, who deceaſed, at *Knight his bridge*,, of Chieldbyrth Anno 1579. Auguſt xxvj. ætatis xix. and lieth entered at *Chelſye*.

MOrs tua quanta tuis mœroris vulnera fixit,
Multorum gemitus, me reticente, ſonant.

Nobilis

Nobilis ortus erat, tua clarè vita peracta,
Corpore pulchra ſatis, moribus alma ſacris.
Heu mihi, ſed ſubitò ſublata hæc dona fuerunt,
In teneris annis dum mihi dona dabas.
Quam dederas natæ vitam, tibi nata negauit,
Quam dederas lucem, luce (Genetta) cares.
Qualis erat mater (ſola breuitate relicta
Vitæ) ſit talis nata relicta precor.
Quos iunxit mundo, Chriſtus coniungat Olympo,
Vt thorus vnus erat, ſic thronus vnus erit.

VPON THEE DEATH OF THEE right honourable and his moſte deere cooſẽ, thee *lord Baron of Louth*, who was trayterouſlye murthred by *Mackmaughoun*, an Iriſh Lording, a bout thee yeere 1577.

THus loa, thyne haſt (cooſen) bred waſte too cittye, toe country.
Thee bearbrat boucher thy corps with villenye mangled.
Not by his manlye vãlour, but through thy deſperat offer.
As the liefe is laſting too ſutch, as in armes ar heedye,
Eun ſo death is poſting too thoſe, that in armor ar headye.
Haulfpenye, far better then an houſful cluſter of angels,
Althogh habil, would not fro thye danger deadlye be parted.
Whom lief combyned, death could not ſcatter a ſunder.
Sutch is thee faſtneſſe of foſter brootherhod Iriſh.
Thogh Sydny and Deluyn thee murther partlye reuenged:
A loſſe ſo pretiouſe may not bee fullye requited.
Thee death of a thowſand Maghouns is vnequal amendment.
Thee nobles may not but a death ſo bluddye remember,
Thee Plunckets wyl not from mynd ſuch boutcherye banniſh.
Thy Ladye, thy kinred doo miſſe thy freendſhip aprooued;
Thee cittee mourneth the lack of a counſalor holſoom;
And thee countrye moneth thee want of a Zealus vpholder;
Vertu eeke lamenteth thee lack of an holye repentaunt.
How beyt dame Vertu thy goodneſſe kindlye rewardeth,
In memory thin honour, thy ſoul eeke in glorye repoſing.

VPON THEE DEATH OF THEE right honourable thee *Lord Girald fitz Girald L. Baron* of *Offalye*, who deceaſed at S. *Albans* in thee yeere 1580. thee laſt of Iune, thee xxj. yeere of his adge.

SOomtyme liu'lye Girald *in graue now liu'les is harbourd.*
A matchleſſe gallant, in byrth and auncetrye nobil.
His nobil linnadge Kyldaer *with* Mountegue *warrants.*
Proper in his perſon, with gyfts ſo hym nature adorned.
In valor and in honor wel knowne too no man vnequal.
And a true ſound ſubiect, to his Prince moſt faythful abyding.
Theeſe not with ſtanding his lieſe too to haſtelye vanniſht.
Nipt were thee bloſſooms, eare fruict ful ſeaſon aproched.
Wherefor his acquayntaunce his death ſo vntymelye bewayleth.
Maynoth *lamenteth*, Kilka *and* Rathangan *ar howling.*
Nay rather is mated bye this hard hap deſolat Ireland.
Such claps of batter that ſeally vnfortunat Iſland.
O that I thy prayſes could wel decipher in order,
Lyke Homer *or* Virgil, *lyke* Geffray Chauncer *in Engliſh:*
Then would thy Stanyhurſt *in pen bee liberal holden.*
Thee poët is barrayn, for prayſe rich matter is offred.
Heere percaſe carpers *wyl twight his iollitye youthful.*
Strong reaſon vnſtrayned that weake obiection aunſwers.
Hee muſt bee peerleſſe who in yong yeers faultes abydeth.
Such byrds flee ſeldoom, ſuch black ſwans ſcantlye be floating.
In world of miſchiefe who finds ſuch glorius angels?
Soom ſtars paſſe oothers; al perls doe not equalye luſter.
Thee ſoundeſt wheatcorne with chaffy filthod is huſked.
What ſhal I ſay further, this loare diuinitye telleth;
Vertuus hee lived, through grace that vertuus eended.
What may be then better, than a godly and gratius vpſhot?
Too God *in al pietee, too* Prince *in dutye remayning.*
Whearefor (woorthye Girald*) ſyth thy eend was hertye repentaunce,*
Thy ſoul God *gladdeth with ſainctſ in bleſſed* Olympus,
Thogh tumbd bee carcaſſe in towne of martyred Alban.

This

THis noble man, yf wee reſpect thee giftes that *God* planted in hym, was doubtleſſe ful of good partes. Of diſpoſition kind and looving, eaſelye mooued, and as ſoone appeaſed; apt too al maner of actiuitye, cooueting in eeche laudable enterprice not only too bee commendable, but alſo ſurpaſing. In wyt quick and pregnaunt, and of good forecaſt, namely as far as his yeeres would beare: yeet ſoomwhat wantonly geeuen, where too *Youth*, *Nobilitee* and *lewd coompanye* dyd carrye hym, the *one* ſturring, thee *oother* warranting, thee *third* eaſelye trayning aman of deeper iudgment too ſuch fond phantaſyes, yf by *God* his gratious guerdon hee bee not thee ſtronger garded. But a litle beefore his death hee beecame ſuch a *changling*, as hee dyd not only purchaſe thee commendacion of ſtrangers, but alſo bred admiration in his freendes, who greatlye reioyced, too ſee ſo penitent and godly an alteration from vice to vertue. In which tyme finding his conſcience deepelye gauld with thee owtragious oathes hee vſed too thunder owt in gamening, hee made a few verſes, as yt were his *cygnea oratio*: which, not ſo much for thee meeter, as thee matter, I thinck good, too bee diuulged *verbatim*, as I found theym, after his deceaſe, ſcribled with his owne hand. And yf thee *reader* hap too ſtumble at thee vnderſtanding of any *ſtaffe*, let yt bee ſufficient, that thee *maker* his meaning was good.

A PENITENT SONNET WRITten by thee *Lord Girald* a litle beefore his death.

BY loſſe in play men oft forget
Thee duitye they dooe owe,
Too hym that dyd beſtow thee ſame,
And thowſands millions moe.
I loathe too ſee theym ſweare and ſtare,
When they the mayne haue loſt;
Forgetting al thee byes, that weare
With God and holye goaſt.
By wounds *and* nayles *they thinck too wyn,*
But truely yt is not ſo:

For

For al theyre frets and fumes in fyn,
They mooniles must goa.
Theare is no wight that vsd yt more,
Then hee *that wrote this verse;*
Who cryeth, peccaui, *now therefore*
His othes his hert doe perce.
Therefor example take by mee,
That curse thee luckleſſe tyme,
That eauer dice *myne eyes dyd ſee,*
Which bred in mee this crime.
Pardon mee for that is paſt,
I wyl offend no more:
In this moſte vile and ſinful caſt,
Which I wyl ſtil abhore.

AN EPITAPH ENTITVLED

Commune Defunctorum, ſuch as oure vnlearned *Rythmours* accuſtomablye make vpon thee death of euery *Tom Tyler*, as yf yt were a *laſt* for euerye one his *foote*, in which thee quantitees of ſyllables are not too bee heeded.

COom toe me, you muſes, *and thow moſt chiefly e*, Minerua,
And ye that are dwellers in dens of darckned Auerna:
Help mye pen in wryting, a death moſte ſoarye reciting,
Of the good old Topas, *ſoon too thee mightye ſyr* Atlas.
For grauitee the Cato, *for wyt* Mars, Bacchus, Apollo:
Scipio *for warfare, for gentyl curteſye* Cæſar.
A great Alexander, *with a long whit necklyke a* gaunder.
In yeer's a Neſtor, *for wars a martial* Hector,
Hannibal *and* Pompey, *with* Triſtram, Gallahad, Orckney:
Hercules *in coaſting, a* Vulcan *mightelye toaſting.*
In wiſdoom Salomon, *for ſtreingth and currag a* Sampſon.
For iuſtice Radamanthus: *in equitye woorthye* Lycurgus.
And not a Therſites, *but he was a ſubtil* Vliſſes.
In learning Socrates, *in faythful freendſhip* Achates.
Yea, thogh he ſtand nameleſſe, hee was in prowes Achilles.

A Damon

...ipplye.
...ed Alcon,
...Arafornes,
...ood ſoon of Atlas?
...doe ye ſlea thee fayre ladye Thiſbee.
...ara for goodneſſe, a great Bellona for hudgneſſe.
For myldneſſe Anna, for chaſtitye godlye Suſanna.
Heſter in a good ſhift, a Iudith ſtout at a dead lift.
Alſo Iulietta, with Dido, rich Cleopatra.
With ſundry nameleſſe, and woomen more manye blameleſſe.
Is not he wel garded, thee wooman richlye rewarded?

AN EPITAPH WRYTTEN BY SYR *Thomas More* vpon thee death of *Henrye Abyngdon*, one of thee gentlemen of thee *chappel*: which deuiſe thee authour was fayne too put in *meeter*, by reaſon thee partye that requeſted his trauaile, dyd not lyke of a verye proper *Epitaph* that was firſt framd, becauſe yt ran not *in rythme*, as may appeere at ful in his *Latin Epigrammes*: where vpon Syr *Thomas More* ſhapte theeſe verſes enſuing, with which thee ſuppliant was exceedinglye ſatiſfyed, as yf thee author had hyt thee nayle on the head.

Hic iacet *Henricus*, ſemper pietatis *amicus:*
Nomen Abyngdon *erat*, ſi quis ſua nomina *quærat:*
Wellis hic *eccleſia* fuerat ſuccentor in *alma*,
Regis & in *bella* cantor fuit ipſe *capella*.
Millibus in *mille* cantor fuit optimus *ille*.
Præter & hæc *iſta* fuit optimus *orgaqueniſta*.
Nunc igitur *Chriſte*, quoniam tibi ſeruijt *iſte*,
Semper in orbe *ſoli* da ſibi regna *poli*.

Thee ſame thogh not *verbatim* conſtrued, yeet in effect thus may

yd not verye prec

HEere lyeth old Henry, n
Surnamd Abyngdon, to
Clerck he was in wellis, where ti
Alſo in thee chappel hee was not compte
And ſuch a lowd ſinger, in a thowſand not ſuch a ringer.
And with'a concordance, a man moſte ſkilful in organce.
Now God ſ craue duly: ſence this man ſaru'd the ſoe truelye,
Henrye place in kingdoom,, that is alſo named Abyngdon.

FINIS.

IOHN PATES PRINTER
too thee curteous reader.

I Am too craue thy paciẽce and paynes (good reader) in bearing wyth ſuch faultes as haue eſcapte in printing; and in correcting as wel ſuch as are layd downe heere too thy view, as al oother whereat thow ſhalt hap too ſtumble in peruſing this treatiſe. Thee noouelтye of imprinting Engliſh in theeſe partes, and thee abſence of thee anthor from peruſing ſoom proofes could not chooſe but breede errours. But for thee abridging of thy trauayle I wyl lay downe ſuch faultes as are at this preſent found too bee of greateſt importaũce. And as for thee wrõg placing of an V for an N, or an N for an V, and in printing two EE for one E, or one for two, and for thee miſpoyncting of periods; thee correction of theeſe I muſt bee forced for this tyme too refer too thye friendlye paynes.

FAVLTES.		CORRECTION.
	In thee dedicatorye epiſtle.	
Pag. 1. lin. 4.	Endevvours, reade,	Endeuours.
lin. 22. ac.		as.
Pag. 3. lin. 32.	cooke in ſoom copyes.	booke.

Pag. 4.

ECTION.

		e beene
		ing.
		g pan.
		e Reader.
		ſeth.
		tôgraphy.
		laying.
		ceing,
	ſching.	miſsing.
	lin. rang.	ndge.
Pag.17.	lin.6. ſanckt.	ſanck.
	lin.25. vvilde.	vvyde.
Pag.19.	lin.22. Endevvonrs.	endeuours.
Pag.23.	lin.29. vvith his chaapt ſtaf,	vvith chaapt ſtaf.
Pag.25.	lin.1. choloricque.	Cholericque.
	lin.33. ſacrafice.	ſacrifice.
Pag.36.	lin.22. ſhavv Priamus	ſavv Priamus.
Pag.38.	lin.13. vvoonman.	vvooman.
Pag.41.	lin.13. aſſijſtaunce	Aſſiſtaũce.
	lin.36. progeniotours.	progenitours.
Pag.54.	lin.26. deſolat angel.	deſolat angle.
Pag.60.	lin.18. fyrd Sicil.	fyerd Sicil.
Pag.63.	lin.36. A folck moaſte.	A folck moate. i. a coõpanye
Pag.106.	lin.24. Faultes abydeth.	Faultles abydeth. (an aſsẽbly

Imprinted at Leiden in Holland by Iohn Pates.
Anno M. D LXXXII.